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GETTYSBURG THIRTY YEARS AFTER.

BY
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE COUNT OF PARIS,
MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD,
MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY W. SLOCUM,
AND
MAJOR-GENERAL ABNER DOUBLEDAY.

THE COUNT OF PARIS:

A REMARKABLE engraving, called "The Midnight Review," is very popular in France and may be known in America. It represents innumerable lines of phantom warriors mustering through the moonlit clouds to march past before the ghost of Napoleon, under whose leadership each of them had met a soldier's death.

This weird scene had made a deep impression on my mind when I was a child, and its remembrance suddenly flashed upon me when I entered, some weeks ago, the great National Cemetery of Gettysburg, over whose peaceful graves presides the bronze statue of the gallant Reynolds. My imagination first retraced to me the real midnight scene which the then small cemetery of Gettysburg witnessed on the historical night of July 1, 1863, when the illustrious General Meade, hastening to grasp with a firm hand the command of the army so recently intrusted to him, set his foot on that key-position where his weary soldiers, sleeping among the citizens' tombs, seemed, under the pure rays of the moon, as so many statues recording the memory of the departed.

How many among those young and healthy men slept that

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night for the last time and now rest forever in the long rows of white stones, drawn like regiments on the parade-ground, with their officers in front, which extend all over the hallowed ground, and whose martial order cannot fail to strike every visitor's mind!

It required, indeed, a small effort of imagination to conceive another midnight scene, where, under the call of some mysterious power, in the stillness and dubious light of that hour, the form of every dead soldier would grow out of the small marble slabs to form a powerful array on the ground where they had generously given up their life to save their country in the most critical moment of its history.

However, this is perhaps too pagan a thought for a Christian cemetery, where the memory of the dead is honored by words of peace and hope, and not of vengeance and retaliation. As General Howard so eloquently said on that same evening at the meeting of the citizens of Gettysburg, the watchword must there be "*Charity for all.*" It is only a feverish brain which could in its dream call the spirits of the Confederate soldiers out of their scattered tombs to lead them in the darkness of the midnight hour to the assault of those heights which were soaked with their blood a quarter of a century ago. And taking this view, I must confess that I regretted to see our late enemies' remains excluded from the ground dedicated by a reunited people to the memory of the victims of the war, where every one bows before the emblem of our common redeemer. I felt this regret more keenly when, some days later, I saw in Quebec the common monument erected by the British nation to the memory of the two valiant soldiers, Wolfe and Montcalm—a great example of impartiality before the equality in deaths and glory!

But why evoke the dead while in broad daylight I could behold a more extraordinary sight in an historical point of view than the *midnight review?* To the call of General Butterfield, chief of staff of the Army of the Potomac in that decisive battle, had answered nearly all the surviving chiefs who were the principal actors in this great drama. Instead of the ghostly legions marching in an unearthly silence, I had around me all the living leaders whose names will always be associated with the history of the battle of Gettysburg. It was, indeed, a high compliment which they paid to a true friend of their country, who, after hav-

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ing served with them in the same army, had undertaken to write an impartial account of the great struggle. This compliment I once more gratefully acknowledge.

The citizens of Gettysburg were right to appreciate the remarkable character of the visit which took place on the 15th of October, for I believe that there is not one of the innumerable battlefields of old Europe which has been revisited by such a number of the leaders of the victorious army, assembled on the same day to go together on the historical ground and combine their remembrances of a quarter of a century past, to enrich, if I can say so, their common fund of information.

I understand that each of them has promised to give his personal impressions of that visit. Nothing could be more interesting for the student of history and the military critic. In company with such high authorities I cannot presume to add to their statements anything which would be of interest for the one or the other. Moreover, if the impressions of a European officer may be of some value to the readers of this, I shall yield the pen to my friend and companion, Colonel de Parseval, who has already recorded these impressions in a French military paper, where they have been duly appreciated.

However, this I can say: that, having minutely described the field of battle, and mastered, I believe, all the operations which were conducted upon it, without having seen the ground, I was very anxious to know whether the personal inspection of this ground would correspond or not with the ideas I had formed by the study of the maps. That my expectation was fully realized speaks volumes in favor of the accuracy of those maps. I confess that only by a very natural process of the mind I had imagined that every inequality of the ground, except perhaps the bold profiles of the Round Tops and Culp's Hill, was more marked than I found it to be in reality.

It was only when we were crammed on the platform of the belfry of the theological seminary that I clearly understood the strength and importance of the ridge to which this building gives its name. From there also it was easy to recognize the natural weakness of the position in which the Eleventh Corps had to support the brunt of Ewell's attacks. That the whole line occupied on the afternoon of the 1st of July by the two Federal *corps d'armes* was bound to crumble to pieces as soon as it should be

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strongly assailed from the north and northeast was so evident that any discussion upon the connection between these two corps seemed to be quite out of order: a happy result, for the narrow platform was no place to debate upon such a burning question.

In the afternoon our drive took us first to Culp's Hill, the rugged ground of which must be seen to understand the nature of the bloody fight which took place on its eastern slope. But to realize fully its importance for the defence of the Federal lines, it is necessary at the same time to look a moment westward so as to see how near it lies to the part of those lines which occupied Cemetery Ridge and extended further south. It is impossible then not to be struck by what must be called Lee's capital error in the disposition of his forces on the second and third days of the battle. It is no disparagement of the great Confederate chieftain's abilities to point out the error, for which some causes may be found, for as the general result of the battle was the defeat of his army, the cause of this defeat must be found somewhere, and I do not hesitate to ascribe it principally to the extension of his left opposite Culp's Hill.

While in an hour or two at the utmost reënforcements could be taken from there to Cemetery Ridge and Round Top, and *vice versâ*, it would have required a whole day's march for a column leaving the shores of Rock Creek, at the foot of Culp's Hill, to reach the positions from which Pickett's division moved to its celebrated charge. This excessive development of Lee's front, which gave his adversary the advantage of the interior lines in a degree rarely seen on any field of battle, deprived him not only of the power of concentration, but also of the means of securing combined action. For even his messengers were greatly delayed in carrying his orders, and when he directed his lieutenants, in order to act in concert, to take the cannonade on one wing as a signal for an attack of the other, this plan lamentably failed. If we ask why he threw in that way his left around Culp's Hill, and why he did not correct this when he discovered, as he no doubt did very soon, that it was a mistake, the answer should be, I think: First, that on the evening of the 1st he did certainly not expect to meet next morning on Cemetery Hill the unconquerable resistance which alone prevented his two wings from being strongly connected together. Neither the condition of the

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Federal troops that evening when they lost Gettysburg nor the aspect of Cemetery Hill as seen from the seminary could justify such an expectation. Second, that it was the very greatness of the defeat of his position which prevented him from correcting it. If he had drawn in his left to reënforce his centre, this would have, no doubt, enabled Longstreet, in turn, to extend to the right and to strike south of Round Top a blow which would probably have caused the retreat of the Federal army. But to accomplish that transfer a full day would have been consumed, during which Ewell's forces would have been practically annulled and the whole of the Federal right left free to join either the centre or left in a general attack against Hill or Longstreet. This risk General Lee could not afford to run, and so he was more and more fatally entangled by the consequences of the first move of Ewell down the valley of Rock Creek.

Having retraced our steps, we turned first south-southwest and then due east at the crossroads, in an angle of which lies the celebrated peach orchard. This was the ground soaked by the blood of the gallant soldiers of the Third Corps. After these streams of blood, streams of ink flowed in the controversy upon the merits or defects of the position taken on this ground by our brave friend General Sickles. In this controversy we were not disposed to enter again, and I was more anxious to have the glorious cripple show us the exact spot where he parted from his shattered leg than to sit in judgment upon officers, dead or living, who had all acted with unsurpassed bravery and devotion, and been inspired only by their desire to serve faithfully their common cause. The only observation which a careful study of the general aspect of the ground will suggest here is that this aspect is, if I can say so, of a very deceitful nature. I mean that, at a certain distance, one can easily be mistaken upon the real value of a position which appears to have a certain command over the neighborhood, and which, on closer inspection, turns out to be very weak. This applies to all the ground crossed by the Emmettsburg road, but not, of course, to the bold profile of Little Round Top, on whose rocky summit our next steps brought us.

On the importance of this place, consecrated by the death of Weed, Vincent, and so many of their brave followers, there is no room for discussion. The bronze statue of Warren, standing like a living man on a protruding boulder, reminds a visitor of the happy

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initiative which secured to the Federals the possession of Little Round Top. I must confess that I was deeply moved at the sight of this monument raised to the memory of this gallant officer, whose heart was broken forever by the unjust persecution of which he was a victim.

There is no striking natural feature to distinguish the place where Pickett's undaunted soldiers met in the most desperate hand-to-hand conflict (Webb's) Philadelphia brigade, and were hurled back by the fighting crowd which gathered before them at the call of Hancock. The place is perhaps the more impressive on account of its plainness. A crumbling stone-wall, a foot high, dividing two fields, one of which gently slopes towards the southwest, a few stunted trees behind, marks the high-tide line upon which broke the last, the most powerful wave of the Confederate invasion. A few yards beyond, the place is pointed out, and should always be in memory of a gallant soldier, where, like the block of stone hurled by this wave before its final receding, General Armistead fell dying in the thickest of his enemies. I have not space enough to dwell upon our very interesting excursion to the east, where General David McM. Gregg explained to us in such a clear and forcible way the details of the cavalry fight, which, although it took place some miles from the positions of the contending hosts, had a great influence upon the issue of the battle. For Stuart, who had been carried too far away by unforeseen circumstances, and whose absence had been such a source of weakness to the Confederate army, might have retrieved his error by falling upon the Federal line of communication, if he had not been stopped in this dangerous movement by the prompt and decisive action of Gregg's cavalry. The latter general was kind enough to remind me that I have been the first to give full value to the service he rendered to the army in that fight, which had been rather overlooked by other writers on the same subject.

I shall conclude this sketch of our day's work by the visit to the small wooden country house, which stands unaltered since 1863, where Meade had his headquarters, near which Butterfield received a glorious wound, and which derives its historical importance from the council of war in which it was decided to fight out the greatest battle of the war in the positions in which a mere accident had placed the two contending hosts. There is an

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old proverb which says that councils of war never fight. The stern resolution to which this council came makes a most remarkable exception to the general rule of military history, to the credit of those who indorsed it. But there is another rule which must never be forgotten: it is that whatever may be the opinion of a council of war, it is nothing but an opinion, and that the whole responsibility of any decision rests entirely and only upon the commander-in-chief. With the responsibility goes naturally the credit when success rewards the course which he has pursued. Therefore I think it must be most emphatically asserted that, whatever may have been General Meade's utterances in the council of war, he must reap the whole benefit of the decision he indorsed and carried into effect. And he will be praised by future generations for having inspired himself from the short sentence uttered by our valiant Marshal McMahon when he entered, sword in hand, the ruin of Fort Malakoff: "*J'y suis, j'y reste*"—"Here I am and shall remain."

From the little room where the chief of staff and four out of the seven generals who commanded the army corps on the 2d of July, the three others being dead, have met again after more than twenty-seven years, our last step will be to the spacious chapel where, on the evening of the 15th of October, the inhabitants of Gettysburg, both ladies and gentlemen, met to give a cordial greeting to our party. Young and old, mothers and children, belonging to every profession, came to see, sitting together on the same platform, most of the generals whose names were familiar to all of them. To some, belonging to our generation, not only their names, but their faces were familiar, and it was not without emotion that this sight carried them back to the days of their youth, when the tremendous storm of war suddenly broke upon their peaceful town. But to most of them the sight was a perfectly novel one. To the new generation the battle of Gettysburg is an historical event, like the battle of Marathon, and most of our auditors must at first have doubted whether the gentlemen quietly sitting before them, who, notwithstanding for some the loss of a limb, for others the color of the hair, seemed full of life and activity, were really some of the chief actors in the great events to which their town owes its celebrity. I hope a full account of the proceedings of that evening will be published. I conclude by expressing my gratitude to General Butterfield for having organized

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with such perfect success our visit to Gettysburg, and to all our companions for having so cheerfully answered his call.

PHILIPPE COMTE DE PARIS.

GENERAL HOWARD:

PERHAPS no occasion was more consonant with the wishes of the Comte de Paris and all others concerned than the Washington dinner, given by our army commander, General Schofield. It was at the Metropolitan Club rooms. There was perhaps in the feast itself nothing to distinguish it from other such joyous gatherings. There were no speeches to record; yet many happy ones were made, but none publicly; each to his neighbor condensed a word of experience into the concrete. The Hon. Secretary to my right told me a half-dozen tales, which have never yet gotten into print, that came from the lips of Abraham Lincoln. Without permission I could not repeat them for publication, but two hearers near the Secretary laughed till they cried, as they were made to feel that Mr. Lincoln so often gained the mastery by his richest gift of humorous and pointed story-telling. It was a satisfaction to the Comte to meet the many distinguished comrades gathered around the board, such as Rosecrans, Augur, Wright, Butterfield, Casey, of the army, Admiral Franklin, of the navy, Secretaries Noble and Rusk, of the President's Cabinet, and others. Each alternate plate was for the Comte and for each of his six visiting companions. There were, near the close of the banquet, little groups of twos and threes; and in each group a hearty and happy interchange of thoughts and recollections had place. There was a lingering, after rising from the table, to multiply the words of sympathy and friendship.

I was obliged to return to New York when the party went on to southern fields, and did not rejoin it till the 15th of October, at Gettysburg. On the 14th, going north from Fort McHenry, Lieutenant Treat and I had two stops, one at York and the other at Hanover. York was full of reminiscence. Here we met soldier and citizen. How proud the gray-headed veteran to bring forward the roster of his company as it was when discharged at the close of the war. How his eyes sparkled as he told us how he happened to be at home at that period on Confederate Early's arrival; and how he followed up Early's great division, numerous in "effectives," as it marched off to Gettysburg, where it

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arrived and impinged upon General Howard's right flank the first day of July, 1863. This restaurant-keeper (for he is now so employed) was before us again, a vigorous Yankee soldier, and we fared well, be assured, at his table. There was the elderly citizen who barbered us, across the way from the engine-house and tower, where we took in the hills and fields that the Confederates had held for a day or two by their numerous infantry and thundering artillery. He talked glibly of the past events. He was fifteen then. "Our governors paid some $28,000 or $30,000 in cash, and gave their notes for the balance of one hundred thousand; not long since some citizens met Mr. Early in Washington, and he, Early, showed the old notes and laughed." "Are these not good still?" he inquired. Never did barber trim one better while he talked of the past. It was a startling time, that visit of '63, and it made a deep and lasting impression.

We had plenty of time at Hanover to find Kilpatrick's cavalry position before the battle there of June 30. We found the square where the Northern and Southern horsemen first came into collision. They have changed that "square" old fence lot into "a round," and the market-house has been demolished. A fleshy veteran lumber merchant, with white head and bending shoulders, pointed to the hills held by J. E. B. Stuart, the Confederate cavalry leader, and to the other heights opposite, where the brave Custer came in. As we worked our way to the edge of the town, we exercised but little imagination to revive the scene. How surprised must friend Stuart have been when, in his long column, Pleasonton's men, under Kilpatrick and Custer, came smashing into his flank, and the wicked shells screeched their way across his lines! No wonder he fended the Yankees off, and went on via "Hanover Junction" to the coveted cover of Robert Lee's infantry.

At last, after enforced halts, we arrived at Gettysburg and found our party. Six had been corps commanders; and one had led a great cavalry division. Generals Gobin and Orland Smith were now prominent railroad managers. Three cars, a president's coach, then a Pullman, and then General Orland Smith's own moving palace! Another feast was already spread in them from front car to rear. General Smith gave royal welcome and hospitality that night. At sunrise I took a preliminary trip to the Cemetery Heights. Captain Morhain, of the Comte's party, shook his head as I asked him to walk. "Oh no; must I not walk all

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day?" And as I moved off I heard the words, "But, General, you do not walk—you run!" It took quick work to go from the railroad to the cemetery and return.

But were n't we disappointed! The evergreens with their broad tops and dark shadows covered all the First Corps' front, and hid the grounds of conflict down by that wall. At the old or citizen's gate—"Where is that good woman, Mrs. Thorn, who gave us a cup of coffee, the sweetest one ever drunk, the night of the first of July after the battle?" "Oh, sir, she is not here. She has moved over there a few miles—over there towards Baltimore." The north side of the Baltimore Pike is called the "North Cemetery," and has a tall iron fence around it; in front of the one near the town, where the "Louisiana Tigers" came up the evening of the second of July, '63, for their fierce fight, is a reservoir which itself already looks old; but it was not there twenty-seven years ago. A high tower now stands on the prominent height behind the place of Steinwehr's division. Later in the day as many of our party as could crowd the top took from that point satisfactory views of the great monumental field of Gettysburg.

Going back to breakfast, a Pennsylvania German, who still lisps his English, though seventy years of age, encountered the writer.

"May I ask, sir, if you might be one of the strangers?"

"Oh, yes, I came last night."

"But, no"—the brightening hope dying down. "You might not be a ——?"

As he hesitated, the writer added: "Frenchman? No, no, I am only an old soldier—an American."

He gave cordial and polite thanks for the name; but he wanted, rather, to see the Comte and the other strangers from France.

We enjoyed our second breakfast that morning. Think of it, comrades, what we saw in the genial sunshiny presence of our guests.

We saw the gray locks thrown back from a high forehead; twenty-seven years ago they had another and a darker hue.

We saw large bright eyes beaming with gentleness; they were as full, but more fiery, then.

We saw a weighty man with but one foot; he was then, July 1, of slight build, quick step, and had two feet.

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We saw deep wrinkles, dimming sight, and a feeble step; this one was then a strong young man with a solid tread.

We saw a tall, soldierly figure, erect still, but with such pleasant ways and growing peace of look! He was sturdy once, almost fierce in his battle-charge.

Years have crowned that sensitive man of middle life and not lessened his manhood. He had then a fair complexion and flaxen head.

And here the very happy face, that is round and fresh as the morning, but with an aged beard! He then could work all day and all night, and make a hundred thousand others do the same. There sat among them the Comte de Paris—whom the soldiers pleasantly dubbed "Captain Paris." He is as tall as in '62, but time has left his mark upon him. There are lines of care and thought; there is a higher forehead and fuller form. Years agone we remember the youth, bright and strong, whose twenty-two summers gave evidence of a hearty young life full of hope, full of enthusiasm, very like that of the favorite son by his side, the Duke d' Orleans.

Others will name the profitable work of that 15th of October, 1890, but could we have a better pictorial view of history than the Gettysburg breakfast-table on the railroad train?

Later, after the Gettysburg trip, we were publicly accused, I saw, of changing our views, as compared with the older expressions of opinion, and of affirming what we formerly denied. Perhaps so. At any rate, several old feuds and misunderstandings, both here at New York and at Gettysburg, essentially gave way. The great healer and good hearts usually work goodly changes. There may have been errors; there is no shame in their confession and correction. There may have been a too heated rivalry and consequent injustice. Being brought together by the Comte's cheery and friendly visit, in his conciliating presence, the rivalry may now be over; the injustice seen and acknowledged. Why not?

OLIVER OTIS HOWARD,
Major-General U. S. Army.

GENERAL SLOCUM:

I RECENTLY heard a warm discussion between two gentlemen of an event connected with one of the battles of our Civil War.

Mr. A. said: "My authority is an article recently published in one of our magazines."

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Mr. B. replied: "My authority is the statement of an officer who was present and took part in the battle."

A. yielded the point, considering that B.'s authority was better than his own.

As to the value of the authorities quoted I think both gentlemen were in error. It by no means follows that the opinion of one who took part in a battle is superior to that of the historian who was not present.

Many newspaper reporters who came to Gettysburg the day after the battle knew more of the true history of the great struggle than did the great mass of the officers and soldiers who were engaged in it. Not an officer or soldier on Culp's Hill or in the cavalry under General Gregg saw anything of Pickett's charge, or knew anything of the result, except as they learned from others.

The position of a line officer is with his own men, and he rarely sees or knows, during a battle, anything of it outside of his immediate locality.

Nearly all our great battles were fought on fields where one portion of the line was hidden from another. The commanding officer of the right of the line at Gettysburg saw nothing of the operations on the left. His duty was with his own command, which was entirely hidden from the left. When he left Gettysburg, after the close of the battle, he had seen nothing of the first day's operations; had not been on Little Round Top; nor had he seen the Devil's Den; had not visited the field of Gregg's magnificent cavalry fight. On his return to the field after the close of the war, all these scenes were visited, and a far clearer knowledge of the events of the great contest was obtained.

The recent visit in company with the Comte de Paris was the most profitable of all the visits he has ever made at Gettysburg, not excepting the one made in company with General Longstreet and other Confederate officers. The Count visited the field to enable him to verify his history of the battle. He is an exceedingly painstaking and conscientious historian. He was accompanied by a representative of each corps of the Union army. Not a point on the field escaped his observation.

His questions were numerous, and of a character proving that he already had a thorough knowledge of the field and of the

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movements and positions of the troops on both sides. The replies of Generals Howard and Doubleday to his questions on the field of the first day of the battle gave me a clear idea of what had occurred, and convinced me that our troops had fought a hard battle and had been handled with skill. I was also convinced that it was a fortunate thing for our army that we were compelled to leave that field. As an officer who was with us expressed it, "On the first day we were pounded into a splendid position."

The position assumed on the morning of the 2d of July, and held by us to the close of the battle, was far stronger than that on the first day.

Our visit to Little Round Top served to increase my admiration of General Warren, and my sense of the great debt due him for his services on the field. His military knowledge enabled him to discover in Little Round Top the key of the field, and soldierly instinct prompted him, without waiting orders, to seize it. Any delay on his part would have been fatal. His field artillery could not be drawn up by horses; so the men were ordered to dismount and drag the pieces to the summit by hand.

Our visit to the extreme right of our line caused me to appreciate more clearly than ever before the value of the services of the command under General Gregg, one of the most modest and unassuming, but one of the bravest and most skilful, of our great cavalry leaders. A large force of cavalry under Stuart, while attempting to turn our right and reach the Baltimore Pike in our rear, where were parked all our reserve artillery and our trains, was met by the command of General Gregg, defeated, and driven back.

We called at the house which has always been an object of interest to all who visit this field. Near the line occupied by the brigade under command of General J. B. Carr, of Troy, N. Y., stands a little one-story house, which at the time of the battle was occupied by a Mrs. Rogers and her daughter. On the morning of July 2 General Carr stopped at the house and found the daughter, a girl about eighteen years of age, alone, busily engaged in baking bread. He informed her that a great battle was inevitable, and advised her to seek a place of safety at once. She said she had a batch of bread baking in the oven, and she would remain until it was baked and then leave. When her bread was baked, it was given to our soldiers, and was devoured so eagerly that she con-

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cluded to remain and bake another batch. And so she continued to the end of the battle, baking and giving her bread to all who came. The great artillery duel which shook the earth for miles around did not drive her from her oven. Pickett's men who charged past her house found her quietly baking her bread and distributing it to the hungry. When the battle was over, her house was found to be riddled with shot and shell, and seventeen dead bodies were taken from the house and cellar; the bodies of wounded men who had crawled to the little dwelling for shelter.

Twenty years after the close of the war General Carr's men and others held a grand reunion at Gettysburg; and learning that Josephine Rogers was still living, but had married and taken up her residence in Ohio, they sent for her, paid her passage from her home to Gettysburg and back, and had her go to her old home and tell them the story which they all knew so well. They decorated her with a score of army badges, and sent her back a happy woman. Why should not the poet immortalize Josephine Rogers as he did Barbara Frietchie?

We visited another house which was an object of great interest to me. It was the little one-story hovel in which General Meade held his celebrated council of war on the night of July 2. I have passed the house a score of times since the battle, but did not recognize it till I entered the room in which Meade and his corps commanders met. Then the scene came back to me, and I could point to the place occupied by each officer then present. The room was unchanged, except that at the time of the council a little rickety bed stood in one corner and a cheap pine table in the centre of the room.

I remember each corps commander was first asked as to his losses during the day and the number of fighting men he could put into battle the next morning. These questions answered, then came the commanding general's all-important query: "What shall be the order of the day for to-morrow?"

There is a remarkable similarity between Waterloo and Gettysburg in the numbers engaged and the losses suffered. In Major Fox's valuable book of reference for the military student, "Regimental Losses during the War," I find the following statistics:

At Waterloo the Allies had 72,000 men and 186 guns.

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At Gettysburg the Union army had 82,000 men and 300 guns.

At Waterloo the French had 80,000 men and 252 guns.

At Gettysburg the Confederates had 70,000 men and 250 guns.

The total loss of the Allies was 23,185 men.

The total loss of the Union army was 23,003 men.

The total loss of the French was 26,300 men.

The total loss of the Confederates was 27,525 men.

Who can estimate the effects of these two great battles? Who can tell the consequences that might have followed the defeat of Wellington at Waterloo or the defeat of Meade at Gettysburg?

H. W. SLOCUM.

GENERAL DOUBLEDAY:

NOT having been at Gettysburg for several years, I had formed the idea that it was covered with monumental abortions, and was agreeably surprised to see so many beautiful and attractive memorial structures. All over the wide fields marble soldiers are represented as kneeling, loading, and firing, and the effect is very striking and picturesque. The Count of Paris said there is no battlefield in Europe so magnificently adorned. Gettysburg is now the Waterloo of our country, and deserves a visit from every tourist; not only on account of its historical associations, but as one of the art-centres of America.

Upon reaching the ground, I found everything as familiar to me as it was twenty-seven years ago, when the First Corps came upon the scene to relieve Buford, who was holding on with his cavalry to those perilous ridges and looking anxiously to the south for help. Reynolds had been placed in command of the First, Third, and Eleventh Corps, and was eager to meet the enemy. He was not one of your retiring generals, nor was he in favor of making an everlasting war of positions. He saw the hordes of the enemy ravaging his native State, and, proud of the men he commanded, determined to fight the invaders *à outrance* as soon as he could get at them. The Confederate forces at this time were impoverishing a large part of Pennsylvania by their merciless requisitions. It might almost be said of them as of the old Danes when they landed on the coast of England:

> "With hands of steel and tongues of flame
> They raged the country through;
> And where the Norseman sickle came
> No crop but hunger grew."

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There seems hardly room in the short space allotted me to dwell upon many of the episodes of the battle, but perhaps a brief statement of the opening scenes of the contest on the first day may not be inappropriate.

Two roads lead into Gettysburg from the west, and come together on the edge of the town. These are cut by ridges which run north and south, and by a small stream beyond the second ridge, called Willoughby's Run. Our cavalry, through some misapprehension, reported that the enemy were advancing on both roads, and this rendered General Reynolds and myself unnecessarily apprehensive as regards our communication with the south. Buford's cavalry since early morning had been holding on desperately to the ridge nearest the water, contending with two large divisions of Hill's corps; while the First Corps was five miles away to the south on Marsh Creek. As it was all quiet there and the stress of battle lay with Buford, Reynolds hastened forward with the nearest troops at hand—two small brigades of Wadsworth's division—and directed me to bring up the remainder of the corps as soon as possible. Having withdrawn the pickets and put the other two divisions *en route*, I galloped ahead and reached the field just as the contest began between Cutler's brigade on the right against Davis's Confederate brigade. Meredith's brigade was still on its way a quarter of a mile to the rear. In the mean time I had sent an aid to ask for orders, and received this message from General Reynolds in reply: "Tell Doubleday I will hold on to this road, and he must hold on to that one."

This was the last order he ever issued. Archer's Confederate brigade, however, which formed the right of the attacking column, did not advance by the lower road, but attempted to take possession of a piece of woods between the two roads. Reynolds imprudently rode in there, almost unattended, to reconnoitre. As he turned his head to the rear to see how near we were, one of the enemy's sharpshooters must have seen him, and put a bullet through his neck, killing him instantly. As Meredith's men came on, I made a short address to them, telling them that this was the decisive battle of the war and that the result would decide whether the Confederate President or Abraham Lincoln was to rule the country. I urged them to take the wood and hold it at all hazards. Full of the memory of their past achievments, they replied: "If we can't hold it, where will you find the

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men who can?" They went forward enthusiastically, entered the grove, and not only overpowered Archer's brigade, but captured him and the greater portion of his men. While this was going on, I had gone almost down to the stream on the left to see if any enemies were approaching along the more southern road. As there were none in sight, I returned, and the prisoners were brought up to me. I said, somewhat inconsiderately, to General Archer, who had been an old comrade of mine in Mexico: "I am glad to see you, Archer!" To which he angrily replied: "I am not a d——d bit glad to see you, sir!"

I now found that, while we had been fortunate on the left, we had met with a check on the right, where Davis's Confederate brigade had flanked that of Cutler and had obliged it to fall back a short distance. I soon remedied this, however, by sending a force under Colonel Dawes, of the Sixth Wisconsin, reënforced by another under Colonel Fowler, of the Fourteenth Brooklyn, to attack Davis in flank. The Confederates rushed into a cut in the railroad for shelter. There they were enfiladed and partially surrounded, and after a desperate hand-to-hand struggle most of them surrendered. This cleared my front temporarily of enemies and left me a period of repose.

If Hill had only known what a meagre force we had, he might have swept us away by a resolute advance, for he could easily have turned both flanks; but the absence of the cavalry had cut off all sources of information from him. Two of his brigades had been roughly handled, and he imagined that the whole Army of the Potomac confronted him. He therefore waited until he could be reënforced by the arrival of Ewell's corps before making any further attempts.

This delay enabled the remainder of the First Corps to reach the field. The Eleventh Corps arrived soon after, and made immediate dispositions to cover the right flank of the First against the advance of Ewell, who had now appeared in sight. They did not succeed, however, in preventing Ewell from taking possession of a prominent elevation, upon which he established batteries which enfiladed my line, rendering a new formation necessary.

A combined attack was now made by Hill's and Ewell's forces against the Union line, but, as regards the First Corps, it was handsomely repulsed, and almost an entire brigade—that of Iverson—was captured by General John C. Robinson's division on the

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right. The concentration of Lee's army, however, was going on rapidly. The whole country was filled with troops who were advancing from the north and northwest. My line had now become very weak and thin. I had lost fully one-half of my force, and when the enemy brought on their strong reserves, further resistance became impossible. We accordingly fell back in a leisurely way, aided by Buford's cavalry on the left, turning every hundred yards to face the enemy again, until we reached Cemetery Hill, which was held by Steinwehr's division of the Eleventh Corps. As we passed through the streets, the women came out, pale and frightened, to offer us coffee and refreshments and to implore us not to desert them.

Toward the close of the contest Hancock rode up and told me that he had been sent to assume command of the field. He was our good genius, for he at once brought order out of confusion and made such admirable dispositions that he secured the ridge and held it. As he was junior in rank to General Howard, he had no right, technically speaking, to supersede the latter. Meade had assigned him to that duty, it is true, but under the law only the President himself could place a junior general over a senior. Howard did not recognize him as his superior, and I think Hancock, as he rode over to me, was in some doubt as to whether I, as commander of the First Corps, would acknowledge him as Howard's superior. Had I refused to do so, the battle of Gettysburg, in all probability, would have had a different termination. As Hancock ranked me, however, the question did not concern me personally, and I saw plainly enough that, if I refused to acknowledge his delegated authority, both the First and Eleventh Corps would be surrounded and captured. I had no desire to see the men of my command sent to adorn the prisons of the Confederacy, and I therefore did not insist on any technicality which would be certain to produce that result.

There were several reasons why the enemy did not advance at once and crush us.

First—Both Ewell's and Hill's corps had suffered heavy losses during the day, as General Lee testifies in his official report; in consequence of which they did not feel in a very adventurous mood.

Second—Kilpatrick had started north to meet Stuart's cavalry, which was coming from Carlisle. Ewell saw this movement and,

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fearing that it foreboded an attack against his rear, weakened his main line by detaching a considerable force to meet it.

Third—The dispositions made by Hancock were calculated to deceive the enemy and make them think that we had been largely reënforced ; and

Fourth—A party sent by Ewell to ascertain how far our line extended south of Culp's Hill encountered the Seventh Indiana Regiment of Wadsworth's command, who had been directed to reconnoitre in that direction. The Seventh heard the enemy approaching, lay in wait for them, captured some who were in advance, and drove the others off. The latter returned and reported that they found Union troops in position far south of Culp's Hill. This implied, of course, that our line had been strengthened.

The final result was that the Confederate leaders thought it would be prudent to defer further action until daylight came and enabled them to see how much ground we occupied.

So ended the first day of the battle of Gettysburg. I have not attempted to give a detailed account of the operations of the Eleventh Corps, as I suppose General Howard will do so in the article he intends to write for this series.

ABNER DOUBLEDAY.

NOTE.—This series of articles will be continued in the March number of THE REVIEW, in which contributions from Generals Sickles, Butterfield, Newton, and Gregg will appear.—EDITOR N. A. R.

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"A DELIBERATIVE BODY."

BY THE HON. THOMAS B. REED, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

IN THE United States of America every two years there occurs an event which has sometimes been thought to be a lesson to the effete and unprogressive monarchies of the old world, and to be not without a certain spectacular beauty even to the favored participants. At that time throughout four million square miles of territory, lying between the two greatest oceans of the world and between its greatest lakes and its broadest gulf, sixty millions of civilized beings, some of whom are also enlightened, have reached the decision of a great contest of opinion and have selected the materials for the machinery by the aid of which those same sixty millions of people are to so govern themselves as to make that progress in liberty and civilization which will enable them to realize the somewhat unrestrained expectations of their ancestors, and to live up to the high calling which is to be found in Fourth-of-July orations and other discourses hopeful of the progress of the race.

The preparations for this decisive day have extended with more or less intensity over the whole two years. For the three months immediately preceding all the best intellects which are engaged in politics have been devoted to the discussion of those questions of the future which the victorious party must solve, or to those determinations of the past to which it must adhere after the decision has been finally made. All the mighty enginery of the press has also been set in motion. The able editor has exerted himself to the utmost to lay facts and arguments before the people. If there should be added to this all the discussions and disputes in the corner groceries and in the streets and by the firesides, all

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the efforts of workers, all the sound principles explained by reformers, and the vast sums of money subscribed and spent on both sides to bring facts home to the voters, and voters out to the polls, all this would but half describe the trouble which the people of the United States take for some purpose or other every two years.

What that purpose is seems in part so clear from text-books which speak of the Constitution, so clear from the tacit understanding of all mankind, that it seems almost like trifling to attempt to describe it. And yet there is so much confusion made in late discussions, so much declamation about the rights of minorities and freedom of speech, that a definition of the most valuable purpose of this mighty struggle seems really needful. So far as I can understand it, this struggle, battle, and decision have for their purpose, as regards the House of Representatives, the election of a representative body, which, so far as its powers go, is to formulate into laws the wishes of the people who are to be governed by these laws and who have expressed their wishes at the polls.

The making of laws is the main function of a legislative body. To that end all other things, however important, are subordinate. When I say the making of laws, I mean to include the deliberate refusal to make them if deemed wiser; for it so happens that the negative determination against a new law is a positive determination to stand by the old existing laws. In order to make laws wisely the body must be a deliberative body; but deliberation, however necessary or valuable, is only the means to an end; and that end is the right decision whether to make a law or not, and what shape to put it into if made. Debating is useful in law-making, but is not in itself an end or aim. A Pullman car is a most admirable adjunct to travel, but staying in a Pullman car which does not go out of the station is not travelling. Endless debate which leads no whither is just as much a prorogation of parliament as if the veriest tyrant did it. The propriety and policy of long debate have undergone many changes, and will doubtless, in a changeful world, undergo many more.

When the House of Commons permitted no reports of its debates, the arguments were addressed solely to members, and were intended to change or fortify their minds. When the debates were spread before the public, they took on other functions in addition, and

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among them that of imparting information to the public and that of justifying the actions of the debater before his constituents and before the world. Undoubtedly these new functions were, a hundred years ago, very important; but they are becoming less so every day, both because the newspapers do not publish the debates and because they themselves supply their place. The practice of publishing speeches for distribution outside the legislature still goes on; but they undoubtedly have much less effect than formerly, owing to the great number of able men now engaged on newspapers, whose articles from day to day are more attractive, if not so profound. The legitimate uses of debate seem to be returning more and more to the ancient requirement—that of enlightening the body addressed. The problem to be solved in making a good law is twofold. The principles on which it is founded must be sound, and the details apt to carry out the principles. Here it is obvious that the more men who will conscientiously and seriously devote themselves to the consideration of both these things, the better will be the result. But it by no means follows that because all ought to consider all ought to talk. Deliberation implies thought, and not necessarily words, except as they are food for thought. The current discussion of this subject has fallen into rather a strange error in this regard.

It seems to be assumed that deliberation and debate mean talk only. It seems to be supposed, if a man is talking to the four walls of a room empty of everything but himself, that he is debating. But that is not so. Debate and deliberation imply listeners. If, for instance,—a thing hardly to be contemplated even in a mere supposition,—every time a Senator arose to speak every other Senator left the room, the Senator who arose might be talking words of wisdom, might even be making a great oration, but he would not be debating, and the Senate at that moment would not be a deliberative body. A deliberative body is such a body as the Senate probably really is; a body where one Senator at a time addresses all the other Senators who are there, each in his place, attentively listening and weighing the words to which they listen in order that their votes may be guided thereby. If to this picture were added the other important trait that the orator was keeping to the subject, saying only such things as he knew well enough not to need a manuscript to aid his faltering brain, you would have the ideal deliberative body, about the

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destruction of which there has been so much indiscriminate raving of late, but which ceased to exist in its honesty many long years ago.

Debate as a guide to the understanding, debate as a modifier of opinions and an equalizer of wisdom, debate as an intellectual and moral aid to teach the voter how to vote and the legislator how to legislate, is as welcome to every man of sense as the rain on the thirsty soil or the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. But debate which meanders on through the dreary hours with oft-repeated platitudes, full of wise saws without even the flavor of a modern instance, solemn repetitions of stale arguments made with owlish solemnity to empty benches, and all with no purpose except to obstruct legislation and hinder the public business, is about as grateful to the soul as a simoon in the desert or the storm which drizzled over Sodom and Gomorrah.

For what purpose is a House of Representatives elected? Is it to pass the appropriation bills and then go home and say to the people?—"You certainly ordered us by your votes to do certain things; you undoubtedly went through the agony of a fiercely-contested election and decided upon certain questions, and intrusted us with the making of the laws to carry out your decisions, but we have not done anything of the sort. We know that the only use of debate is to enable us to make laws properly, but we found the right of debate so sacred, the raiment of so much more value than the body, that we have let the men you beat at the polls beat us in the halls of legislation. You voted one way, and we regarded the rights of minorities as so sacred that we were forced to register your votes the other way. You voted one way; the result as worked out by us was the other." How in the world can men reconcile such an answer with all the struggle and stress of an election? If minorities have superior rights, what is the use of trying to be a majority? Why should orators convince the judgments and able editors satisfy the minds of voters if nothing is to come of it? Why have an election if it chooses nothing? why a decision at the polls if it decides nothing?

If the doctrine that the minority is to rule be once established, then will come the natural sequence—How small can you make that minority and still rule? That way despotism lies, not Democracy. But the reader will ask, Why did not our forefathers restrict debate? why did they allow such unlimited discussion? The answer

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is that even they restricted it by the previous question, and that was all that was necessary in their time. Misuse of debate for obstruction only was so rare that it was much wiser to endure it than to suppress it. In fact, it was so seldom resorted to, had so little of public sympathy, that it played no appreciable part in the drama of national government. The obstruction which to-day delays public business is modern, and it is not only true of the two houses of Congress, but of parliaments all over the world. Everywhere that decent respect for the rights of the majority which caused those who were outnumbered to submit after the intellectual struggle was over seems to be giving way to that brutal exercise of mere physical obstruction which certainly cannot be tolerated if representative government by the majority is to survive.

Time was when in the House of Commons men respected the wishes of the House, forebore to press amendments evidently unacceptable, and to make speeches to unwilling auditors. The House could then suppress a long-winded and habitual orator, and make men who had nothing to say realize that they had better not say it. But now, obstruction by debate and by motion having been adopted as party tactics, the bore is too useful not to be encouraged, and the man who has only words to say is a benefactor of his party, and must be duly sustained. So great has become the force of obstruction there that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has already, in a very able article in *The Nineteenth Century* for December, called attention to the absolute necessity that control should be taken of the House of Commons by the majority if they intend to govern at all. Whoever consults that article will see that in the very home of parliamentary government obstruction has had the same rank growth which it has had in America. Passing from one abuse to another, the power of the majority in the English House of Commons is measured only by the sufferance of the minority. When the minority do not care to proceed to extremities against anything, it goes through.

Opposition in both countries is, of course, most effectual and vigorous against party measures. Whatever has one party behind it has the other party in front, and the minority are encouraged by their partisans and by the unthinking and dissatisfied on the other side. It so happens that party measures are precisely those measures which enter into the contests of election, into the discussions which precede and the decision which ends them.

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We have, therefore, the strange anomaly of the greatest resistance made on those very points which have been already passed upon by the people. What has been decided is precisely what is hardest fought afterwards. It is, of course, to be admitted that, even after actual decision in the rough by the people, intellectual opposition in debate and argument in the representative body is to be courted and not discarded, for it often happens that in carrying a design into execution difficulties are found which were never dreamed of while the design was only planned in the mind. But intellectual opposition is one thing; stupid physical opposition entirely another.

In America like progress had been made as in England in the work of reducing popular government to a farce. Within the last fourteen years there has been such a growth of obstruction that remedies had to be found, and still others must be found in the future. Such remedies, while they will, after the unreasoning passions have subsided, lead to real debates and sound deliberation such as we all desire, will also utterly cut off mere talk, that moth of time and of business, which seeks to kill by indirection what nobody could kill in the open House by an open vote.

Take the first sacred duty which the Constitution devolved upon the House—the duty of determining its membership—and see what the practice has become therein under the new methods of opposition. Surely there can be no duty more sacred than that of determining the membership of the deliberative body. By the express terms of the Constitution nobody can determine that question in any case except the House itself. While in America, as formerly in England, the method of determination is open to much criticism, the right and duty remain fixed under the Constitution. Until 1882 obstruction to prevent that determination was never resorted to; and whatever else was barred and delayed, the decision of the right of a member to his seat was never allowed to be obstructed. Yet in 1890 that was the very first thing on which a quorum was attempted to be refused. Obstruction was most flagrant against the performance of a constitutional duty the very first in importance which can be imposed upon a legislative body—the determination of its own membership. While it is true that the imposition of such a duty upon such a body is probably a mistake, yet while the Constitution remains as it is nothing can justify Mr. Carlisle's assertion that there can be any

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"full and complete vindication of the course pursued by the Democracy"—or any one else—when that course contemplated utter refusal to permit the House to be what the Constitution says it shall be, "the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members."

It is to be feared that for once at least Mr. Carlisle permitted himself to speak as a partisan what he would be sorry to say either as a constitutional lawyer or a parliamentarian. As to his charge that the decisions of the Committee on Elections sustained by the House were "outrages," the admirable letter of Mr. Dalzell to the New York *Tribune*, December 29, renders further notice unnecessary. If a deliberative body chosen to enact laws, and empowered to pass upon the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members, can be stopped at the outset from the determination of its own component parts by a mere minority, and such action can be "vindicated" in any conceivable way, then constitutional law must have suffered a sad change since Mr. Carlisle abandoned law and entered politics.

Many things in this world, and especially arguments, hinge upon definition. With the proper definition of debate, as speaking made and listened to for the purpose of elucidating the principles of a law proposed or of settling its details, and even debate for the purpose of enlightening the outside world, it has no enemies and hosts of friends. Against such debate nobody can be found to put pen to paper. But when such debate is confounded with that debate which is largely in manuscript, which empties the abodes of deliberation, which has for its object the consumption of time and the frustration of public business, then the community which is called upon to protect that as the sacred right of freedom of debate is being hoodwinked, misled, and fooled.

By proper business regulations acquiesced in and honestly followed, as they would be if the constituencies could be properly aroused, everything which was done in the last session of the House could have been done, and done with ample debate, and the House adjourned before the middle of July. The waste of time in the House is simply inconceivable. The pernicious habit of destroying time by utterly needless calls of the roll for yeas and nays is so bad that even at the risk of repetition it is worth while to call attention to the figures which the last session disclosed. A roll-call costs, one time with another, twenty-five

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minutes. Inasmuch as 458 roll-calls were had last session, of which not one hundred were legitimate, not less than 180 hours were wasted. Five hours is a whole legislative day. Thirty days at least were therefore wasted last session in mere roll-calls. This waste could be in a great measure prevented by requiring all motions now used for dilatory purposes to be seconded by a majority before they could be entertained. If, in addition to this, the Tucker-Blackburn amendment of 1880 to the rules were adopted, whereby attendance of members could be compelled, the House might do its work with efficiency and deliberation and care, or at least with as much efficiency, deliberation, and care as the unfortunate hall where we meet and the constitutional requirement as to a quorum will permit.

Comparison is often made between the freedom of debate allowed in early times and the restrictions of the present day. A few considerations and a few facts and figures will put that comparison in a different light. It cannot be too often reiterated that obstruction as known in our days was utterly unknown in the earlier days. It is not meant by this statement to say that there were no cases of lawless action, and that men never struggled against the majority; for there are instances where great opposition was made. But it never became until during the last ten years a systematic, every-day action in certain kinds of cases. Debate was seldom made the means of delay.

It will probably be a surprise to most readers, after all the outcries to which they listened during the year 1890 about the slaughter of innocent debate, and the gagging of members, and the silencing of the minority, to learn that the volume of debate during the first session of this Congress, which was shorter by seventeen days than the first session of the last Congress, exceeded the debate of that session by one thousand three hundred and fifty-two pages of two thousand words each. Even in the House the excess was nearly three hundred pages. The Fiftieth Congress, first session, was able to express itself in ten volumes; the Fifty-first Congress, first session, required eleven.

When we turn back to the second session of the Thirty-seventh Congress, which lasted from the 6th of December to the 16th of July, we shall see how sadly neglectful people then were of the privileges of debate. The Fifty-first Congress, alleged to be so terribly restricted, needed to express its views on men and things

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eleven quarto volumes of eleven thousand five hundred and eighty-eight pages and twenty-three million one hundred and seventy-six thousand words. The men who adorned the Thirty-seventh Congress were so unequal to the modern demand for language that they could fill only four volumes with three thousand eight hundred pages and eight million words. To use the language applied to other industries, the output of the House in 1861–62 was four million words, and has risen in 1889–90 to nearly thirteen million, which must be gratifying to the friends of debate. And yet these men in 1861–62 had no mean task to perform. They were obliged to raise armies, to pass a new tariff bill, to provide for government loans, to establish a new and complicated system of internal revenue, to enact a homestead law, and to provide for the great exigencies of the War of the Rebellion. If the House of Representatives of the Thirty-seventh Congress could do all this on four million words, could not the present House do its work, great and important as it was and as it might have been, with an allowance of thirteen million words without any reasonable ground for belief that its utterance had been cramped?

Some of your readers may be ready at this time to say that the people have decided against the action of the present House in facilitating business and removing obstruction, and that therefore the subject need not be discussed. The people have never made any such decision. Such a question cannot be settled that way. The business of 60,000,000 people must be carried on. If obstruction increases, repression must increase. If talk, utterly irrelevant, consumes time and destroys public business, talk must be limited, and then men will have less temptation to irrelevancy, and true debate will flourish.

It may be true that the new House, which will enter upon its duties next December or sooner, may be misled into giving up its powers as a legislative body; but if it is, it cannot escape the consequences. It has been demonstrated that a House of Representatives or any other deliberative body of the United States can, by the exercise of its constitutional powers, keep all the pledges of a campaign and enact, so far as one body goes, all the laws which the people have ordained. Henceforth the reply of a party that it was hindered by a minority and could not act will never again be taken as answer or excuse.

THOMAS B. REED.

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THE TALLEYRAND MEMOIRS.

BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE, BART.

MUCH interest has been excited by the prospect that we shall shortly have before us the memoirs of Talleyrand; but it may be doubted whether these will contain much matter of value to those who are well acquainted with the politics of the period between 1789 and 1834. A French historian, who has seen and turned over, if he has not thoroughly read, the memoirs, has informed us that in them Talleyrand first relates his actions as a member of the Constituent Assembly, his virtual exile in America, his return to France, and his service under the directory, with which the earlier period of his political activity closed. In the memoirs, however, he writes as one who has changed his point of view since the times themselves in which he was an actor. For example, Talleyrand, though a bishop, took a leading part in the destruction of the fabric of the Roman Catholic Church in France; but in his memoirs he severely blames the course which was pursued, and calls it the chief fault of all the many committed by the assembly of which he was a powerful member. It is, therefore, probable that in his account of his missions to London in 1792 and in 1830 to 1834, in his history of the Congress of Vienna, and in his relation of his tenure of the office of Minister for Foreign Affairs in France under the directory, under the consulate, and under the empire, Talleyrand will be found to present to the reader, in his memoirs, a less accurate view of the state of society and of the motives and nature of his policy than is given us already in the works of M. Pallain, which contain the despatches and letters from and to Talleyrand preserved in the French Foreign Office.

Doubtless, however, as regards the period between July, 1797, and September, 1815, Talleyrand will have much to say in his

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memoirs about his contemporaries that will be amusing, though it may not possess much value. He had in life the happiness to be upon the winning side, and he prepared for himself in his last days the death-bed satisfaction of feeling that, as regards anecdotic history, he would have the last word. Talleyrand directed the foreign policy of the consulate and of the empire at the height of the power of France. He was happy enough to be able to give way to other men at the moment of the disasters of Napoleon, and then to to be employed by Louis XVIII. to undo the harm that had been done during the period of his temporary fall. As he dissociated himself from the follies of Napoleon, it is certain that in the memoirs he adopts towards the Napoleon of 1807 to 1815 the sneering tone which may be expected to have accompanied the sneering expression which is marked on the face of Talleyrand in David's great picture of the coronation—the glory of the French modern school.

Talleyrand gave powerful help to France at Vienna in 1814–1815, but he did not restore the Bourbons so much as accept a restoration which he was one of the first to see to be inevitable. In his memoirs, however, he naturally becomes the Monk of the French Restoration. Talleyrand will doubtless tell the world that the English, the Austrians, and the Russians were alike either hostile or indifferent to the claims of Louis XVIII., and that it was his conversion of Alexander of Russia in a single night (after he had had the astuteness to cause the Emperor to be billeted upon himself) which produced the "Bourbon solution."

As regards the Congress of Vienna, it is to be believed that the memoirs add nothing to the despatches and the private letters between Louis XVIII. and his minister which were published by M. Pallain in 1881, in a volume which was translated into English and republished as two big volumes in London. From 1815 to 1823 (it has been stated by M. Valfrey that) Talleyrand wrote nothing, and he only took his memoirs up again after he had found himself attacked in memoirs which were being published by his enemies, and in which the execution of the Duc d'Enghien and other faults of the empire were laid on him, while he had also been accused of having in 1814 employed agents to assassinate the Emperor. It has been said that Talleyrand in his memoirs ridicules the latter charge, but boldly faces the former and to some

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extent defends the execution of the Prince. Again from 1823 it seems that Talleyrand wrote nothing until after he had become ambassador of France at London under Louis Philippe in 1830, at a moment which immediately followed the Revolution of July, and his memoirs end with an account of his embassy to London. Talleyrand in the strongest terms protests that he had no part or lot in the creation of the Orleans monarchy, of which he undoubtedly foresaw the probable downfall. However interesting, therefore, the memoirs may be from the anecdotic point of view, it is probable that they will in no degree detract from the permanent value of the publications of M. Pallain, and that we can already form for ourselves from those books an accurate view of the character and of the work of Talleyrand. M. Pallain has already published a large volume on the mission of Talleyrand to London in 1792, and one on the occupancy of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs by Talleyrand under the directory, as well as the volume of letters and despatches during the Congress of Vienna, of which I have just now spoken. M. Pallain promises us a volume on the embassy to London, 1830–1834, after which he will go back to the earlier times and publish a volume on Talleyrand's ministry under the consulate and another on his ministry under the empire.

To my mind the really important periods in the life of Talleyrand are the two when he more than any other man gave to France, not this or that emperor, but her position of respected authority in the councils of Europe; the period which may be called that of the consulate and beginning of the empire, and the period of the Congress of Vienna. In his mission to London in 1792 Talleyrand was forced to pretend to negotiate with people who did not really intend to sign engagements with him, and in his ministry under the directory he was the servant of rather foolish persons who wished him to treat for peace with England, but who thought that he could bring them Gibraltar for them to restore to Spain, the Cape for them to restore to Holland, and the Channel Islands for the French themselves! The most interesting period of all in the life of Talleyrand was that at the beginning of the century when he had Bonaparte for a master, but a master who at that moment allowed himself to be guided by Talleyrand's mind in affairs which at a later time he fancied he understood for himself better than his mentor could teach them to him.

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The state of France at the beginning of the century, or, rather, properly speaking, in the last year of the last century, is worth consideration in connection with the career of Talleyrand. The year 1800 opened with the establishment of the personal supremacy of Napoleon, by the will of the people, in the internal affairs of France. His sudden return from Egypt late in 1799 had been followed by the fall of the directory, and January, 1800, saw Napoleon dictator of France under republican forms, by the full wish of a nation tired out by that combined tyranny and stupidity of the directory under which Talleyrand himself, as I have said, had suffered. The new constitution had been proclaimed on Christmas eve. Nearly four millions of Frenchmen had supported it by their votes, and but a thousand or so had voted the other way. Bonaparte was First Consul for ten years, with power to name the Senate and the Council of State. In February he took up his residence at the royal palace; and about this time he began to organize, with that marvellous grasp of detail and with the extraordinary administrative power which he possessed, the modern administration of France, which was destined to endure through all changes in the form of government. Foreign affairs at this time he left aside, and with regard to them merely followed Talleyrand's advice, absorbed as Bonaparte was in home matters. It is too often forgotten by foreigners (but never by Frenchmen, who see his presence in every department of their government to this day) that Napoleon was as great a domestic administrator as he was a soldier, and that his finance, his roads, bridges, canals, docks, his laws, his universities and schools, are at least as worthy of recollection as are his victories. It is a subject for regret that, having the enormous administrative energy which he undoubtedly possessed, he should not have been better advised, as regards domestic matters, in the use he made of it. In education, for example, Napoleon did little for primary instruction, and hardly anything for girls, though he covered the country with high-schools for boys and with technical foundations. His code will not bear too close examination.

Still, when all possible deductions have been made, we at least must wonder at his work, if we cannot praise it. All that was done in France at this moment, and the sum of work done was fabulously great, had to be done by him, for he was not surrounded by men of any great parts; and Fouché and Talleyrand, who

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alone were brilliant, were of little use to him in purely domestic matters. Talleyrand at this time managed his foreign affairs and Fouché his police, and with equal success. Carnot, to whom office was for a short time given, was an impossible servant for an autocrat; and Laplace, great as he was in the realms of thought, was a miserable administrator. The universal favor with which the usurpation of supreme power by Napoleon was first received and then confirmed by France was not to the credit of the nation and was disgraceful to its leading men. None of them went into voluntary exile. Hardly one protested. Many, on the contrary, who had quitted France at an earlier date, seized the opportunity to return, and (like Chateaubriand) to lay their homage at the master's feet. The character of Bonaparte, even as at that time revealed to the world, was not of a nature to make devotion to his fortunes by good men easy. He was a great commander, it was true; but he had been not long before a club orator, the bosom-friend of Robespierre, who had, after courting all parties in turn, obtained the command of the army in Italy by marrying the cast-off mistress of a powerful man, and had used the command for the purpose of enriching, by organized rapine, in the first place his masters and in the second place himself. The death of Hoche by poison, at the very moment when he had become the sole rival to be feared, had left, indeed, the field clear for the ambition of Bonaparte, but had caused a heavy suspicion of the guilt of murder to fall upon him. Talleyrand, although to some extent discredited by his action during the revolutionary period, carried more weight in the councils of Europe at this time than did Bonaparte himself, all-powerful though the latter was through the effect of his military glory; and the support of Talleyrand to Bonaparte and through Bonaparte to France as an organized state was at the beginning of the century simply essential.

The joint effect of the victories of Napoleon at Marengo and Hohenlinden, and of Talleyrand's direction of foreign affairs, soon left England isolated, deserted by all her allies except Portugal, and represented by an army which had had in Europe a career of almost unbroken misfortune. Such was the position in which Bonaparte had been placed by the victories and the policy that, had he been in the ordinary sense of the word a sane man, he might have reigned till death, and left a united people, the first

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in the world, to be ruled over by his son, backed and aided by the new society. Napoleon by his earlier measures did not master or conquer or put down the Revolution, but rather completed the triumph of its principles. He had been himself trained in the revolutionary school. He belonged to the new rather than to the old society. He was well acquainted (no man better) with the language of the Revolution, which has so marvellous an attraction for the people of France. His mastery of its phrases was still complete, after his reign was over, in his exile at St. Helena, and was transmitted by him to the man who weakly attempted to continue his tradition—to Napoleon III. All those that Napoleon Bonaparte had about him were men who (mostly plebeians, Talleyrand being almost the sole exception) had found their opportunity in the Revolution. So blind had been the Bourbons that one of their late edicts had altered the rule which had prevailed for twenty years as to the officering of the army, and had declared that no officer should rise to the rank of captain who could not show four generations of nobility in the male line. The monarchy would have left Bernadotte a sergeant-major, whereas the Revolution set him on the high road to becoming a king, afterwards the august ally of the legitimate king of France, who, but for the Revolution, would have been the absolute master of the plebeian soldier. Napoleon, First Consul, proclaimed the revolutionary principle of the free career to talent; of disregard of birth and of opinion; of equality before the law; of cheap education, free to boys of brains; of free law; and he seemed at first to add only to the revolutionary principles a certain greater regard to public order and a more unbroken success in arms.

What Napoleon might have done is less our concern, however, than what he did do. Unfortunately for himself, it was only after his fall that he began to realize the possibilities that had lain in his positions of 1800 and of 1802. In spite of his occasional talk of setting up the Italian, and of his half-hearted attempt to set up the Polish nationality, Napoleon had never truly believed in the force of the doctrine of nationalities, and had not only divided Germany, but had thought that it was possible for foreign and even for French influence to keep Germany permanently disunited. Napoleon wholly failed to discern that there was nothing except French influence which could unite Germany, and that by his policy of disunion he in fact made her union possible. In the

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internal affairs of France, after speaking as the child of the Revolution, and while always intending, at any future time at which it might become necessary, once more to play this part, Napoleon changed his government to one of pure autocracy; and not only surrounded himself with theatrical pomp, added to the etiquette of the old court, but attempted to superadd to this the backing of a now powerless, though brilliant, nobility. I style his government a pure autocracy, for he must be indeed a poor despot who cannot secure the majority in a plébiscite. Still, Napoleon's plébiscites continued to remind Frenchmen of the glorious election of 1789, in which for the first time millions of free citizens had taken part in voting, and a whole nation had been called on for her voice. Napoleon's victories, however, blinded the whole French race, and his absurdities were not only tolerated, but actually approved by opinion. Talleyrand had been at the making of the fame; had been, indeed, at the helm, as far as the direction of foreign affairs was concerned, when Napoleon reached the height of glory and of power, and uniformly protested against all the acts of folly which Napoleon from time to time committed. Talleyrand fell from power under Napoleon through these protests, and Napoleon fell in 1814 through having preferred his own policy (if policy it could be called) to that of Talleyrand.

From 1800 to 1814 the history of Europe was only the history of the military coalition against France, but in 1815 Talleyrand created a wholly new state of things, which requires separate treatment at the hands of his biographer.

If, however, 1800 and 1815 are the years upon which it is necessary to dwell, and years in each of which Talleyrand asserted his power over the destinies of France, although under conditions wholly different and with results in many points dissimilar, 1800 is the more fascinating of the two. 1800 was the year of Napoleon's greatest power. The Continent was at his feet. England, the only one of his enemies still strong, had suffered seriously from the revolt in Ireland in 1796, had suspended specie payments, and was expecting invasion which it seemed doubtful whether she could repel. The Bonapartist party had widened until it included the vast majority of the French nation. The Bonapartists proper were those who had grown out from among the more moderate republicans. Many had been frightened. Others, and all the most honest, fired by the splendid achievements of the repub-

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lican general in Italy and in Egypt, backed him against his enemies in Paris. As days passed by and Bonapartist imperialism began to be clearly seen, they looked upon it as a sorry jest and disbelieved in its continuance. In face of the creation of titles, the reconciliation with the church, and the revival of the ceremonial of the palace, they still believed in Napoleon as the army of the Revolution. It must, however, be remembered that France was living in a war fever which allowed of little thought and which half explained the suppression of freedom of speech, and that Napoleon's military promotions, which of all his acts came most home at such a time to the body of the French nation, were essentially democratic. Nearly all his marshals had sprung from among the common people and had risen from the ranks. His Legion of Honor, destined to be shamefully prostituted in future reigns, and his administration of education and of the laws, belonged also to the Revolution. It is noticeable, moreover, that, in spite of the tremendous sacrifices which he demanded of the French, he found them as a people poor and left them on the road to wealth. Many republicans, too, might not unreasonably feel that the person of Napoleon, rather than the mere proclamation of the principles of the Revolution, had killed forever, at least in France, the doctrine of the divine right of kings. Even at his fall he left in the minds of many, who, as against all other rulers, were republicans, and who certainly were keen partisans of the doctrines of the Revolution, the feeling expressed by Stendhal in the words, "Love for Napoleon is the only passion which has remained to me, though it does not prevent me from seeing his defects and weaknesses." These feelings, sharpened by a common hostility to the church, enabled the Bonapartists and the republicans to act cordially together from 1815 to 1830.

It will be interesting to see how far Talleyrand, in his memoirs, is able to throw light upon the creation in 1800 of a new doctrine of passive obedience in France, largely, as I think, through the influence of de Bonald, and on the modernizing by Chateaubriand of the state theology of the previous century, and the attempt of the latter to poetize the revival of the forms of Christian worship. It is to be presumed that Talleyrand expresses his sympathy with the reawakening of the spiritual life in France, although he had taken so large a share personally in its previous destruction; but it is

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doubtful whether, while sympathizing with the object, he can show much personal regard for the chief author of the change. Chateaubriand, who had published in London as late as 1797 a work in which he revealed his own opinions, which were sceptical, and who succeeded in suddenly converting himself to Christianity in 1800, when he returned to France, had set up his new doctrine of æsthetic Christianity in his works of 1801 and 1802. His views seemed to come to this,—rather that Christianity is beautiful than that Christianity is true; but with the appearance of his books a new French literary style was born with the century—a style of a pretended and strained "naturalness," under which French letters were destined to suffer during the whole century. Talleyrand himself was a master of French style, but a style more simple and more dignified than the strained and pretentious prose of Chateaubriand.

For Napoleon the revival of Catholicism meant the political support of the clergy and the respectability of his reign. For Chateaubriand it meant an outward sign of the revival of polite society; not necessarily of the old society, but of a society not actively revolutionary. The works of Chateaubriand did not appear alone. A literary revival marked the beginning of the century in France; but a revival without much real novelty or merit except so far as novelty and merit were to be found in Chateaubriand. The revival was rather the thawing of a frost than a true spring. Revolution and war had suppressed culture, and it was found again with peace. Chateaubriand's style alone was completely new. De Bonald and de Maistre belonged to the past, among the philosophers, as did Delille, Parny, and most of the other poets who at this time put forth great masses of inferior work. Ducis and Népomucène Lemercier, on the other hand, in the drama, Royer-Collard in philosophy, Fontanes in criticism, and Madame de Staël in general literature, belonged, in some sense, to the future. The general condition of literature in France at the moment of Napoleon's assumption of supreme power was far from brilliant. The two great names, de Staël and de Chateaubriand (of which the latter is great in the estimation rather of French than of foreign critics), are the names of opponents of the empire, although Chateaubriand was for a moment a friend. Although "Corinne" and "Delphine" are, to us degenerate beings, dull, Madame de Staël's other books, and her

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father's las book, in which Napoleon rightly suspected the daughter's hand, were brilliant, and these led to her disgrace and exile, and that of all her friends. Chateaubriand never, after his return to France, had to submit to exile, but he was often worried by the police, and was far from being able to write as he pleased.

Ballanche, whose book on Sentiment appeared in 1802, was in 1800 known only as a crack-brained printer in the provinces, and was to enter the Academy only a lifetime later. The empire was tottering to its fall when Ballanche came to Paris, and his fame and his friendships with Madame de Staël and her lovely friend do not belong to the moment of Napoleon's glory. In the book on Sentiment an attempt to restore the spiritualistic philosophy might have been discerned, had it been read, but it found few readers in 1802. Some writers of less note, but still considerable, who were neither in disgrace, nor in exile, nor provincial and unread, were so tied by the self-imposed restraints of place-hunting partisanship that their names and characters stand less high in the history of letters than their talents might have entitled them to expect. The peasant's son, Laplace, was so much bent upon becoming the great official who a few years later was known to the world of fashion as M. le Marquis de la Place that his great book perhaps suffered by his career. Fontanes is another example of the man of thought half-lost in the Napoleonic official, but in this case the loss was less great to the world. Fontanes was, like Laplace, a count of the empire, and, like Laplace, became a marquis of Louis XVIII. He was, perhaps, the least artificial of the French professional writers of the time, except Madame de Staël. To my mind the greatest literary man of France alive in 1800 was that disciple of Rousseau who at this moment showed immense promise in three works—a promise which was to lead to no future worthy performance, although Senancour continued to write till 1833 and to live till 1846. Not only in his "Obermann" and in his "Primitive Nature," but in his treatise upon love, which appeared in 1805, Senancour made use of descriptions of scenery as a means of producing moral impressions on the reader's mind, and in this practice he in his book of 1799 had preceded Chateaubriand, who was to owe to it the most brilliant successes of his pen.

On all these men, the most brilliant of his contemporaries,

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Talleyrand may be expected to have much to say; but I shall not be disposed myself to differ from him if he indicates the opinion for which one is well prepared—that he, Talleyrand, was the superior of all of them in mental power, by far the most useful of them all to France, and not the inferior of any of them in their strongest point of literary style.

"1815" was a very different period from 1800, but one in which Talleyrand was equally supreme, or more so, inasmuch as Bonaparte had been virtually removed from the scene and Talleyrand reigned alone.

The leaders of the Royalist party in 1814 and 1815 were the King and his brother, Louis XVIII. and the Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.);—Louis XVIII., so moderate as to be a fit employer for Talleyrand; the Comte d'Artois, the leader of an extreme party of ultra-royalists who were so powerful at court as to be the source of the most serious difficulties and dangers to Louis XVIII., whose line their folly ultimately overthrew. There is little doubt that Monsieur had often tried to procure the murder of Napoleon for the benefit of the Bourbons; but the murder of the Comte d'Artois himself would have been of greater advantage to the French branch of the family. M. de Vielcastel and M. Duvergier de Hauranne, both of whom are excellent historians, but both of whom were sometimes led away by their Orleanist opinions, have tried to show that the government of Louis XVIII. had made many grave mistakes in 1814, and by its own acts so undermined an otherwise strong position as to help to bring about the return from Elba and the Hundred Days. So far as mistakes were made, they were mistakes forced upon the King and on Talleyrand by the party of the Comte d'Artois; and there is much to be said for the opposite view, namely, that, considering the enormous difficulties under which he came to the throne and ruled France, Louis XVIII. made wonderfully few mistakes. To please at once the *émigrés* and the army, Monsieur and the half-pay officers, was impossible. It may safely be declared that the task of the Bourbon King in following Napoleon in 1814 was one of the heaviest and hardest that has ever fallen to the lot of man. Judging the policy in the light of subsequent events, some may argue that it would have been wiser to have disbanded the army rather than to have tried to win it over by making peers of nearly all Napoleon's marshals and (in November, 1814) selecting Soult

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for Minister of War. But to say so is to be wise after the event. The policy of Talleyrand, accepted by the King, was to keep on foot a powerful army commanded by the best soldiers of the Continent, to divide the allies, and to thus restore France to the first place in Europe.

At Vienna at the end of 1814 and the beginning of 1815 the ablest diplomatist was Talleyrand; and Talleyrand, Metternich, and Castlereagh (under Talleyrand's real lead) were successful. Talleyrand, courteous, cynical, and corrupt, was a man of the times of his own youth; an abbé of the regency or of the court of Louis XV. His venality, proved in some cases by documentary evidence such as can hardly be disputed, was suspected in every negotiation in which he was engaged. Nevertheless, he was emphatically the man who always understood the situation; and at Vienna he performed immense services to France, as well as personal services to the French Bourbon line. Talleyrand went into the congress to maintain a principle in which he did not believe any more than did his master—that of legitimacy-at-all-hazards, except, indeed, as regards the right of the Pope to Avignon, which had been papal till the Revolution and was French only by revolutionary right. The ex-bishop who had served the republic, the consulate, the empire, and the Bourbons, devised his own line of conduct, dictated the instructions to himself, and convinced the King, not, indeed, that legitimacy was a principle likely to rule the modern world, but that it was the only principle upon which the plenipotentiary of Louis XVIII. could successfully attend the Congress of Vienna. Once convinced, Louis XVIII. backed him thoroughly, signed the instructions to Talleyrand, which Talleyrand wrote, without making an alteration, and approved his project of a firm alliance with Great Britain. At the moment when Talleyrand reached Vienna, "The Four," as they were called, the great allies,—England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia,—were thinking of excluding France from the most important of the deliberations. Within a month they were divided, two to two, and France, speaking through the mouth of Talleyrand, was the arbiter of Europe.

Metternich, though, indeed, he had never been a bishop, was, like Talleyrand, a man of old family who (also like the Prince de Benevent) had bowed before the Revolution, although swearing all the time that Europe did not contain so stanch a Tory as him-

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self. Successful in 1814, but less brilliantly and conspicuously successful than Talleyrand, because he possessed greater means of success and represented a greater power, with a quarter of a million of men under arms in central Europe, instead of a power just humbled to the dust, Metternich was luckier than Talleyrand in his after-career, and may be looked upon as both the creator and preserver of the Austria of 1814–1848.

Castlereagh, a cold, stiff Englishman of brains, came to Vienna with a dread of Russia. He saw in Alexander's crafty and fantastic character danger of an attempt at Russian domination, but, though ready enough to come to terms with Metternich, he was by no means inclined by character or by opinions to trust himself to Talleyrand and France. He had, however, seen that Alexander intended to keep Napoleon in reserve and to bring him back whenever it might suit his purpose so to do, and wished to remove Napoleon to St. Helena or Ascension or some other Atlantic island. He was on this particular point at one not only with Metternich, but also with Talleyrand and the King of France. Castlereagh would not indeed break a treaty—a difficulty which never hindered Talleyrand, and which would not have hindered Louis XVIII., who had already broken the money clauses of the treaty which in this instance was in question. But Castlereagh knew that Bonaparte was active in his Elban exile, and thought that some overt act would soon give an opportunity of retiring without loss of honor from inconvenient engagements. Castlereagh on his arrival at Vienna had supported the scheme for excluding France, and only changed his tone when the immense ability and tact of Talleyrand had made the French plenipotentiary's presence felt.

France and England were necessarily drawn together at Vienna in the winter of 1814–15, for, all the questions that directly concerned the two countries having been settled in the treaties signed at Paris, they were impartial powers. Great Britain and France had practically nothing to gain and nothing to lose at Vienna; while Russia, Prussia, and Austria were full of hopes and fears, for they had much to gain or lose. The only point in which the five powers were agreed, and in which they had also the support of Sweden, Spain, and Portugal, was in dealing with European peoples like so many flocks of sheep without the slightest attention to their wishes. F. von Gentz has ad-

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mitted, with the express approval of his words by Metternich, that, as regards all the powers except England and France, the congress was a "battlefield," and that the "object in view was the division of the spoil." The great powers at Vienna might, by a slight attention to the principle of nationality, have definitely fixed the future of all Europe. As it was, they founded a state of things which was shaken in 1830, and which has been in steady course of complete disruption ever since 1848.

Much of the nominal work of the congress had been done before the chief plenipotentiaries of the great powers met. The union of Sweden and Norway had formed a secret article of one treaty, that of Belgium and Holland of another, and the addition of Genoa to the Piedmontese dominions of the King of Sardinia had been settled by the great powers and Spain, without the smallest trace of any consultation of the wishes of the citizens of the former republic, who were thus handed over to what was at that time the most clerical and reactionary government in the world. On the other hand, the clerical Belgians had been given to a Protestant people, whose speech most of them could not understand. Venice, as little consulted, had been bestowed on Austria. There remained for distribution Poland, Saxony, and Naples; and here lay the difficulties of the congress, of which Talleyrand availed himself with the highest skill.

As regarded Naples, Louis XVIII. attached much importance to the removal of Murat from the throne, desiring the restoration of the line of the former kings of the Two Sicilies, nominally because they were "legitimate," but in fact because they were his cousins. Murat was unpopular with the majority of the population, although he possessed an excellent army, and had friends among the mob and, outside his country, in the papal states; and there was a dream abroad of the possibility of the creation of a united Italy under Murat. To have left him on the throne of Naples would have been to abstain from closing the Napoleonic era; and the congress very naturally decided, although privately at first, that he must be removed.

The difficulties as regarded Poland and Saxony remained, but Poland and Saxony formed, in fact, one question. The King of Saxony was a prisoner at Berlin. The Russian forces occupied the grand duchy of Warsaw. Alexander had persuaded himself that he really intended to restore the liberties of Poland; but the Poles

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themselves foresaw that, even had he remained long in these ideas (which was far from probable), his successor would certainly have been in this respect a true-born Russian. Russia and Prussia had agreed that Prussia should have Saxony, and that Poland should be formed into a kingdom united by a personal union to the Russian throne. Austria was bitterly opposed to both portions of this scheme. France and England were unpledged, but Castlereagh was opposed to any augmentation of the Czar's dominions. Talleyrand saw that the division of the powers into two hostile groups (consisting of England, France, and Austria on one side, and of Russia and Prussia on the other) was possible, and he speedily brought it about.

Alexander's only object at Vienna was to get possession of the duchy of Warsaw, but he was ready at the same time to obtain for Prussia all he could, anywhere and everywhere, except in Poland; looking upon Prussia as his only probable ally in future years. He bitterly hated Metternich, who had prevented his commanding in chief the allied armies, which the vain Emperor had wished to do, with Jomini for "dry nurse," to use the military phrase. He hated England for her former opposition to his plans in Finland and in Turkey, and he hated Castlereagh above all other Englishmen, for Castlereagh was a man who read him like a book. He hated the Bourbons most of all for having rejected his patronage and his advice, and he hated Talleyrand as their envoy. Hardenberg was a moderate man enough, but could not control the Prussian military spirit which wanted Saxony as a step towards turning Austria out of Germany.

Thiers (thoroughly untrustworthy when Napoleon is on the scene) has drawn in his history an excellent picture of the position of the Continent at the moment of the meeting of the congress, but has been guilty of a great error in making an attack on Talleyrand (in which he has been followed by the other French historians) for having preferred the alliance of England and Austria to that of Russia and Prussia. The French historians who are angry with Talleyrand for having indirectly gained for Prussia the Rhine provinces, by refusing Saxony to her, have all forgotten that in 1814 Prussia was far from dangerous, and that it was only after the middle of the present century that Prussia began to stand upon an equal footing with the other four great European powers. Thiers wrote this part of his book in the

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second half of the present century, when France had begun to see in Prussia a possible enemy seated too near her capital by the possession of Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne. Talleyrand's work was good work for his time, and it was the business of his successors to provide for matters which occurred half a century later.

Talleyrand's dexterity was superb. His position was as dignified as that of Metternich and Castlereagh and Hardenberg was commonplace, and that of Alexander rapacious and disgraceful. Talleyrand's language was worthy of his position. He asked for nothing. He was guided by a plain principle—that of legitimacy, restoration, and public law; while the remaining powers were obviously guided by immediate interest or jealousy alone. In the beginning of his action for dividing the great powers, Talleyrand played with Castlereagh. The latter had plainly showed that he cared little about Saxony, but much about Poland. Talleyrand, who did not much care personally for either, at once protested that he cared greatly about Saxony, but little about Poland. This policy forced Metternich, who cared equally about both, to act as the intermediary to draw Castlereagh and Talleyrand together, and this in spite of Metternich's personal dislike for Talleyrand and of his full knowledge of the unpopularity of the French alliance among the German Austrians. Up to this moment Austria, although directly menaced in her existence by the rapacity both of Russia and of Prussia, had shrunk from challenging German public opinion by openly leaning upon the French army. But the alliance of Bavaria and of the smaller German powers was obviously not enough.

At the end of December Talleyrand suddenly proposed a secret treaty between England, France, and Austria, to which it would be easy to procure the subsequent assent of Bavaria, Hanover, Holland, and others of the minor states, and by which the maintenance of Saxony would be laid down in principle. Nothing came of this suggestion for some few days, and it was even agreed to leave the terms of a compromise with Prussia to a commission on which France was not to be represented. On this Talleyrand at once threatened to leave Vienna, and to publicly throw on Castlereagh the blame for the complete success of Prussia and Russia, which without French interposition would be inevitable. But Castlereagh had been pressed by the cabinet at home, at the wish of the Prince Regent, on the suggestion of his

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Hanoverian ministers, to save Saxony, and he naturally shrank from letting Talleyrand speak out or leave. Austria and England accordingly insisted on the admission of a representative of France to the commission which met on December 31, 1814. A Polish compromise had already been virtually agreed to which gave two thirds of the duchy of Warsaw to Russia and divided a third between Austria and Prussia.

On the 1st January, 1815, we find from Castlereagh's memoirs that he received the news of the conclusion of peace between England and the United States, which allowed the immediate return to Europe of the best of the peninsular troops. On the 2d January the Prussians at a meeting of the commission blustered and threatened resort to arms, believing that Austria would cede before a direct Russo-Prussian menace, and Castlereagh privately asked Talleyrand to draw up the secret treaty of alliance between England, France, and Austria. On the 3d January the treaty was signed by Metternich, Talleyrand, and Castlereagh. By it each of the three powers was to contribute 150,000 men, and the new allies were, by a self-denying clause, to accept no violation of the treaty of Paris in their own favor. The secret treaty was communicated to the three small powers named above. Bavaria and Hanover of course adhered immediately, while the Dutch plenipotentiary signed some days later, after a reference to his court. Talleyrand in a few weeks had destroyed the united action of the allies of the great war, and, without for one moment abandoning the dignity which became the plenipotentiary of France in the day of her misfortune, had become the arbiter of Europe. Within a few months after the entry of the allies to Paris, the King of France, who had the French commander in the Peninsular War for his minister, was able to write to his plenipotentiary, who had been one of the grand officers of Napoleon, that the Duke of Wellington would be an excellent commander for the united armies of France and England in the field.

Russia and Prussia at once drew back, foiled. A compromise was come to by which Prussia obtained a third of Saxony, Leipsig was preserved to the Saxon Kingdom, and the matter settled; but the great position won for France by Talleyrand remained, and although the return from Elba destroyed the political position of the Prince for many years, it did not wholly undo his work, the results of which were seen in the peaceful development and conclusion of the reign of Louis XVIII.

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Talleyrand may have been venal, and his action may have been often marked by duplicity, but at Vienna he was straightforward (possibly because it was his interest to be straightforward), and there is a really noble despatch of his to Metternich extant, in which he points out the evils likely to be caused to Europe by the complete departure from all grounds of principle in the action of the congress. Hundreds of thousands of souls had been counted over and counted back again on many occasions by quarrelling plenipotentiaries, exactly as booty obtained upon the roads might be wrangled over by highwaymen; and it seems strange that it should be to a Talleyrand that we have to turn for an exposition of those principles which ought to have obtained at Vienna, but which, as a fact, were only honored in the breach.

It is possible to admire the talent of Talleyrand and his immense services to his country without respecting the man who, after being a distinguished Catholic theologian, agent-general of the clergy of France, and then a bishop, had consented to consecrate the elective schismatic bishops, and been on the brink of becoming elective archbishop of Paris, when he was elected a member of the Assembly for the Seine and suddenly became the bosom-friend of Danton; who shortly afterwards was the toady first of Barras and then of Bonaparte, and who throughout life, even when Minister for Foreign Affairs, remained the desperate gambler on the Stock Exchange that he had been even when agent-general of the clergy under the old *régime*.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

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WHY MORE GIRLS DO NOT MARRY.

BY MRS. KATE GANNETT WELLS.

ANY consideration of this question starts with the fact, not the supposition, that there are distinct social lines in American society, and that, though most girls do marry, there are special as well as general reasons which lead many women to regard marriage with distrust and dislike.

In American society the girl rules; others may be in it, but they do not make it. In the society girl, parentage and money, exterior carriage and interior outfit of mental ability, are mingled in just the right proportions to establish her identity. She is neither fool nor saint; she can as easily be vapid as agreeable, whimsical as good-humored. Whether she wears a V-shaped dress or a dog-collar, she knows how to confuse her parents, to bewilder men, to adore other girls, and to travesty simplicity. Very complex are her reasons for her aversion to marriage.

She demands a great deal in ability and money, and most men have not both to give. She could get along very well if sometimes she could be married and sometimes not, but she has not enough fixity of purpose to dare it once for all. She does not want to be in a hurry, and so she refuses No. 1 and No. 2, feeling sure of No. 3, who, after all, may never come.

Some girls are the vampires of manhood, but most of them are passably noble and yet not understood. They have much passionate, unguided feeling; they do not know what to do with themselves; they try to adjust the mosaic work of associated charities and working-girls' clubs to their own desires for a good time; they are full of a sense of personality, and the personality misdirected leads them to frivolity. They are enthusiasts for life in general, with longings for self-sacrifice and ideal values. Society prevents their meeting reformers; a few marry ministers;

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oftener they marry men of their own sort, whose indefiniteness and negations deserve to rank them as a short-lived variety of men.

Such society girls are few compared with those who are neither very beautiful nor gifted, but who are well educated and rather wealthy; who are old at twenty-five; who have been too conscientious to develop the possible offer into an actual one; who have measured men by their readiness for summer flirtations, and have not appreciated the timidity in a real man, which hampers him from being at his best when he is in love. Weary with society life and its want of purpose, these girls turn inward; cultivate their intelligence; develop their common-sense; use their budding sympathies, and entertain their parents. They become brilliant dinner guests, careful committee workers, appreciative listeners, and have hosts of masculine friends. No illusion of marriage surrounds them. They have left it to an earlier stage of existence. When foreign *literati* arrive, they admire these well-bred, charming women, with whom one can never make a mistake. By thirty these girls are conscious of their own powers and of their self-sufficingness. They have wooed independence and it has come to them. They like men unless they pose as their husbands. Oh, the serene, self-poised, erect, free, brilliant, wise, unmarried society girls, whose very evolution has made them handsome! Their minds and hearts have been preoccupied with general ideas and the needs of the world at large. They have become unimpressionable and do not reflect man. Men feel this with such girls, treat them as sisters, and remain bachelors.

Professional life affects other women. It has developed surely and slowly, and has preoccupied the minds of those who want to do something with themselves. Many of them feel superior to a man, though not to men. Even if man was all that he might be, woman would still have wanted a profession, because a cause appeals to latent chivalry and because the sense of personality has been weakened by the slow growth of causes. The inventive and executive capacities of woman find an outlet in a profession, which in turn creates an independence of society and neutralizes the power of masculine personality when brought to bear on her. In this way the tendency of the modern woman to a profession lessens her liability to marriage and engages her mind. A man mar-

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ries for a home; a woman for the sake of marrying a special man. There is little to be said about the practical inconveniences in the marriages of professional women, for they more or less surmount them. A Baptist husband can exchange with his Unitarian wife when each is settled in a separate parish, though they cannot hear each other, their home being a dividing line like a milestone between their circuits.

The life of a literary woman inclines her to marriage far less than that of the teacher, for the novelist creates her lovers at pleasure. Her books, even her newspaper work, are full of real people to her. Women artists also are not eager for marriage, for delight in transferring nature and person to canvas preoccupies the mind and disinclines it to marriage. Teachers, on the contrary, marry more freely than other professional women, for the very love for children which makes the foundation of a good teacher is a stepping-stone to marriage, though we are too prudish for such confession. Teachers are very particular about the kind of men they marry, liking newspaper and literary men better than stalwart farmers and clerks of a subdued turn of mind.

In the middle class of life self-esteem prevents many women from marrying. The average young girl considers herself a finer product of humanity than the average young man, who is easily "put off his base" by the flippant unconcern or indifference with which his efforts to be agreeable are met.

A stronger reason disaffects others in reference to marriage—the great mass of literature which has arisen to show a better way in marriage. It reaches from "The Kreutzer Sonata" and Zola to the peripatetic library of advice to mothers and girls, which does its work so frankly that one prefers conventual life. One class of reformers has said that man is bestial, but capable of improvement; the other that the passions of manhood ally him to the forces of the universe and justify themselves. All have spoken so plainly or insinuatingly that the one only refrain in which they agree is, "Beware!" This warning has produced a strong reaction against man. The girl starts with the notion that her father, just because he was a man, has made life hard for her mother, and that all men are more or less explosive.

Subjects are freely discussed in mixed assemblies with as much unconcern as that which admits both men and women to the same dissecting-room. The feminine mind is preoccupied with the

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original sinfulness of man. Nineteenth-century education has arrived as his helper to train him into a worthy husband. Much of what is said is true, but it is said in a way which is untrue. The very novels of to-day hint at man as having a different nature from woman. Girls before they are engaged can count through much reading the various kinds of kisses which mark the advent and climax of a lover's regard. Love itself is just as subtle and unselfish as ever it was; passion is as true and noble; but their parasites are deadly. Such knowledge wearies the fresh mind of a girl and makes her love her mother more. Daughters stay at home and find in daily cares, general helpfulness, and indefinite interests enough to make single life very pleasant.

Working women care little for marriage because they know it means childbirth. They have no wish to prolong in their own existence as parents the bitter economies of their girlhood, or to cause their children to practise them. They are influenced, however, by another reason which does not bear with such force upon society and professional women. The working woman dreads man. She knows him as contractor, boss, night-fiend, betrayer, and she wants none of him. If, meeting him in a better way, she sees him hardworking, weary, she fears he will be a perpetual father and cares not to share his lot. Her single independence is lonely, but not so aggravating as married subjection.

The reason which men often allege for marriage, that a "woman can help some," is hardly an inducement to a girl who is doubtful whether any part of her husband's wages will be given her for her personal use; since men so often provide for the home and ignore their wives. Why should she add to her burdens because of present enjoyment in finding herself courted? So she snaps her fingers at man, nurses her fears and her pride, and considers it respectable to be unmarried, though secretly preferring to be a young widow with one child and a small bank account.

There are three general causes which bring marriage into disfavor: philanthropy, higher education, and self-analysis. The first has been a powerful factor in its subtle influence against marriage. The mental atmosphere is permeated with the idea of responsibility for another's happiness. Woman now feels herself accountable for the welfare of humanity, and through the exercise of that responsibility has found occupation for mind and heart; which has prevented absorption in her own affairs.

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Higher education has affected marriage, inasmuch as it has opened new avenues of employment for women, has fortified them for life as a whole, and has led them to regard marriage as an incident. It has given girls a communistic feeling which makes them prefer to teach where there are other teachers rather than to live on a hill-top and read aloud to their parents, or to retire to a farm or a tenement and bake and brew for their husbands. The higher education has separated marriage and motherhood. Almost all women love children and would gladly use their knowledge for the delight and profit of a family, but they do not want the intervening marriage.

Analysis has advanced from being a method in text-books to the study of one's self. The age is analytic. Once work was so constant that married women did not realize their loneliness or the want of appreciation which befell them. Now society and the middle class have leisure to examine their states of mental solitude, and to see just where husbands are wanting. Fifty years ago the woman was too busy to stop for the morning kiss as her husband went to his work. Now she has time to think about the absence or infrequency of the greeting for half an hour before she reads the morning paper, in which she finds some fresh instance of man's wickedness. Once the daughter did not realize how her mother toiled, for she herself did not know it. Now the weary mother tells her child to respect her father, but adds that married life is very lonely. The girl feels the daily want of comprehension of her mother's unuttered wishes, and says: "I'll take things as they come, but marriage does not pay. If I could be engaged and let it stop there, it might do." Single moments are lonelier than whole evenings, and there are many of them in marriage.

The trouble is not in marriage as an institution, for it is the ideally-perfect condition of life, but in one's self as an individual and in life as a whole. The reserve of family conditions has melted away before the rush and swing of existence. Mothers talk more freely of themselves to their children than our great-grandmothers even thought. Constantly is it said: "Men are not capable of comprehending women. Even father does not understand mother. I don't want to be married." The simple non-desire makes a girl, in turn, less attractive, and occupies her mind to the exclusion of any other feeling.

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All this non-desire or preoccupation has had the effect of causing fewer offers than formerly. Of a given hundred middle-aged women, each had received in her girlhood from one to six offers, while their daughters had received from none up to three. Some counted their offers by halves. "I have had half an offer," said one, because now when a man says he loves a girl it is as likely to mean the business of a summer flirtation as of marriage. It really is very hard to tell when an offer is an offer, but it is also stated that all the offers nowadays do not come from men. Though, on the other hand, men do offer themselves repeatedly, they have a natural shyness about it and often declare that girls do not want love in a cottage, whereas any girl who is really in love with a cottager would rather marry him than not. It is not a question of money with her, but of independence. After a girl has gone through the tragedy of her first refusal it is much easier to undertake a second. The tragedy becomes a comedy when she finds that it was not herself, but marriage, that the man wanted, and that he proposes until he is successful. This is the subtle difference between the two: the girl wants the special man; the man wants marriage.

Still another cause which operates against marriage is the succession of stories, especially in the women's column of the newspapers, which tell of the hardness of a woman's lot, the want of pin-money, and the meanness of man. A young girl reading such stories is likely to regard man as an unconscious oppressor, and to think that, if she marries him, she must be on the alert to defend herself. If, notwithstanding, they teach her that woman has largely been to blame for her own misery, through her unnecessary self-sacrifice, which has blinded her to the observance of self-respect, the value of the moral of such tales outweighs the sameness of their plots.

Clubs, both men's and women's, have also had an indirect effect upon marriage, and have greatly strengthened society lines of demarcation. Clubs for gentlemen are entirely distinct from associations and unions for "Christian" young men. Such clubs detract from the value of the home as a place of refuge, or from the worth of the woman as an exclusive companion. Women's clubs are also formed on society lines in spite of all protestations to the contrary. With firm belief in their value, even in their necessity, as affording mental stimulus and change of occupation

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from housework, they do somewhat enable women to get along without men, and emphasize the monotony of married life. Yet as marriage will always prevail, women must have the cheer and improvement which come through membership in a club, as once it came through membership in church work.

When the desire for marriage grows less on the part of either man or woman, each becomes less attractive to the other. Some stalwart moralist may object to attraction as a word or as a motive; nevertheless, it is nature's method of mating which has sprung from divine love.

There are cycles and epochs in the civilizing processes of affection. Natural love became artificial through the courts of love and gay troubadours. It burst its bondage and developed into the exceeding frank affection of the earlier English novelists, the hidden love of sentimental German heroines, and the grand passions of the French *salon*. In the earlier part of our century there still lingered the Priscilla type of womanhood and the obedient epistolary efforts of Abigail Adams and her large sisterhood of clear-sighted but submissive women. Then began the wave of philanthropy with its little counter-currents and eddies. The higher education, instead of checking philanthropy, found itself utilized for the benefit of humanity, and self-analysis has judged marriage to be far worse than it really is.

In woman's discovery of her ability to be independent, self-supporting, and self-sufficing, in her wish to work for humanity and not for one man, and in her fear that the appropriating power of a man's love will not be reverence for womanhood, her desire for marriage has lessened. The ideal of marriage is as beautiful to her as ever, but until she is sure that it can be hers she abides in friendships and believes that the time will come when all noble women and men will be married. Meanwhile she waits.

KATE GANNETT WELLS.

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THE JAMAICA EXHIBITION.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY, SIR HENRY A. BLAKE, GOVERNOR OF JAMAICA.

THE 27th of January, 1891, has been decided upon as the day on which will be opened the Jamaica Exhibition; an event of very great importance for the West Indies generally, and one that must have a singular interest for the United States, with its many millions of colored citizens.

For the means by which this exhibition is being carried out are different from those by which any exhibition hitherto held has run its course to failure or success. Heretofore the exhibitions held in various parts of the world have been guaranteed by government, or started by large capitalists, filled by manufacturers, and supported by the restless and inquiring millions of the Caucasian races. Here in Jamaica, with its population of 620,000, of whom but 14,000 are white, the exhibition has asked for no government guarantee; its funds are provided on the security of many hundreds of guarantors of sums from £10 to £1,000; and its success is already assured by the hearty and united efforts of the entire population.

The enterprise came about in this way. In September, 1889, it was considered advisable to assist the intellectual development of the black population. Fifty years ago the conscience of England conferred upon them their freedom. Still later protective tariffs on one side of the Atlantic and foreign bounties on the other emancipated the island from the thraldom of a single industry, and the readiness with which the people availed themselves of the foreign markets showed that it was only necessary to bring before them the productive capabilities of their lands, to teach them what to produce in addition to yams, oranges, and bananas, and to point out to them the ready outlet for all their products, in order to insure a stable prosperity for them in the future.

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The first idea was to hold a local exhibition in Kingston and bring before the people exhibits of the vegetable and mineral products of the island, to be afterwards forwarded to the permanent Colonial Exhibition in the Imperial Institute, to be opened in London in May, 1891. With this view, early in September, 1889, a meeting was called of the principal merchants in Kingston, and the proposal was laid before them. It was decided that the exhibition must be carried out by private guarantee, and that at least £10,000 would be necessary. I accepted the position of president, and called for guarantees in sums of not less than £10. The proposal was warmly received throughout the island, and guarantees poured in so fast that at the next meeting our ideas had expanded into an international exhibition in which free space should be offered to all comers. Remembering that the primary purpose of the exhibition was an educational object-lesson showing what might be accomplished by the intelligent coöperation of all classes, we asked for no government guarantee. We appointed no paid officers. Architects and engineers came forward, designed the buildings free of charge, and undertook to carry out their erection. Everybody with technical knowledge on any subject freely offered his services to the committee. Parochial committees were nominated, and it was determined that the exhibition should be opened on the 27th January, 1891.

Three gentlemen in the island at once offered to advance £15,000 on the security of the guarantee. A site was required. It was only necessary to pitch upon the desired spot when it was immediately placed, without charge, unreservedly at the disposal of the committee by the owner and the lessee. So far as the building was concerned, all was now plain sailing. An engineer went to New York with full power to complete contracts for the supply of lumber and other material. The grounds were all ploughed over and levelled, and by the aid of tree-removers imported from England large numbers of palm, bamboo, cocoanut, and other tropical trees were taken up and planted therein. This portion of the work was undertaken by the director of public gardens, and wherever a suitable tree was found the owner displayed generous readiness to hand it over for the embellishment of the exhibition grounds. The first tree thus transplanted was a Gru-Gru palm, forty-three feet high, which was successfully carried for four miles from King's House grounds, and now occu-

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pies a position in front of the main building. All this work took a couple of months. In the meantime guarantees came pouring in from the thirteen parishes into which Jamaica is divided, until a sum of nearly £30,000 was offered. Had we accepted guarantees of £5 or less, that sum might have been trebled.

It now became necessary to bring to the knowledge of the thousands of the peasantry who live in the mountainous centre of the island, and who rarely see the newspapers, the fact that the exhibition was to be held, and to explain to them in simple language its object and the probable effect upon their well-being. Ninety thousand copies of a message of the Governor were distributed by the ministers of religion and schoolmasters, and the immediate effect showed that the black population were ready and willing to move forward, and only waited for some person to show them the way. In the message I said:

"All persons in the island will be at liberty to send for exhibition samples of anything either grown or made by them. Prizes will be given for the best samples of products or manufactures. Samples of sugar-canes, cacao, kola, bananas, oranges, ground provisions, cocoanuts, sisal hemp, manilla hemp, tobacco, cigars, cinchona, coffee, peppers, ginger, pimento, rum, logwood, fustic, annotto, castor-oil, cocoanut oil, cattle and horses, sheep, pigs, poultry, birds, fishes, turtle, bees, carpentry, cabinet-making, boots, shoes, basket-work, nets, mats, goldsmith's and silversmith's work, models of cottage homes, boats, etc., fancy work, curiosities, are mentioned as showing the sort of things which can be exhibited by the inhabitants of Jamaica: but this does not include *all*. There is *nothing* which you grow or make which will not find a place in the exhibition.

"And you will also have the opportunity, which may never come to you again, of seeing what is grown and made in the other West Indian islands, in other colonies of the British Empire, in Great Britain and Ireland, and in other great countries of the world. You will find a thousand things not only to amuse and interest you, but also to instruct and improve you.

"I therefore earnestly advise you to set to work at once to prepare for our great exhibition, and to make arrangements in good time which will enable you and your children to come up to Kingston in order that you may have the pleasure of seeing not only the articles which you or your relatives or friends send up to the exhibition, but also the many interesting and wonderful things which will be sent from other parts of the world.

"The exhibition may be expected to aid in enriching all classes. Your children's children will reap the benefits."

Meanwhile committees were formed in England, Scotland, and the United States. The Queen graciously consented to lend two pictures. The Prince of Wales accepted the patronage of the exhibition and Prince George of Wales undertook the duty of opening it. The invitations to foreign countries were for-

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warded by the Imperial Foreign Office, and the British Parliament granted £1,000 in aid of the exhibition. The local legislature passed a law giving corporate powers to the exhibition commissioners and regulating the entry of exhibits.

The answers to the invitations to foreign countries and our sister-colonies have now been received. Had we double the space at our disposal, it would not satisfy the demands. We have added thirty thousand square feet to our original space, and in our desire to accommodate our visitors have pared away the portion originally allotted to Jamaica until we begin to feel like a too hospitable host who has given up his house to his guests and squeezed himself and his family into the pantry.

At home the response of the people to the call for coöperation is full of hope for those who are interested in the future of the people of the West Indies. A thoughtless estimate of these people has been generally accepted. It may be summed up in the statement that they are densely ignorant, unspeakably lazy, and incapable of improvement. My experience for the past twelve months has shown me that this estimate is not true. During that time I have visited every portion of Jamaica and spoken to large numbers of the people. I have met the peasant proprietors in the mountain valleys, where, with the exception of the clergyman and the doctor, the face of a white man is not often seen; I have met them in the lowland plains of the seaboard; and, while there is much ignorance and backwardness, I am bound to say that I have met among them men equal in intelligence, shrewdness, and dignity of mind to men of their class in the United Kingdom. The well-built houses that the traveller finds with increasing frequency in the mountain districts show that a real improvement in the standard of comfort and mode of life is in progress. Nor is the estimate of laziness a true one. Both men and women work with the full average of diligence. I wish the women worked less hard abroad and confined their labors more to household matters; for a mother laboring in the fields means a neglected family and a house bereft of the comforts of a home. Material prosperity may be increased by the field labor of the housewife, but it is dearly purchased by the sacrifice of moral progress consequent on the neglect of those home duties that form the basis of social refinement.

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No sooner had the parochial committees and local sub-committees settled down to work than the people showed how much in earnest they could be when occasion arose. Wherever I went addresses were presented dealing almost exclusively with the subject. Sometimes I was stopped by the roadside and asked to examine something either made or being made for the exhibition. These were not often objects found in exhibitions. Their uses were frequently problematical. But they were all to be welcomed as evidence of an awakened interest and an anxiety to do something One day as we drove from a meeting in a distant part of the country, we were overtaken by a bright-looking black boy on horseback, who cantered beside the carriage, eyeing me rather wistfully. I spoke to him, and he then found courage to ask me if I would like to see what he was doing for the exhibition. I said, "Certainly," when, giving rein to his pony, he darted forward at a wild gallop. At a turn in the road we found him standing, bareheaded, and in his hands a box containing a number of rude carvings of horses, cows, sheep, etc., some of which showed the germs of real merit. His father, a respectable-looking shoemaker, stood behind with an approving smile at his son's achievement. The boy, about thirteen or fourteen years of age, was an exceedingly bright and intelligent lad, and the conflict between modest shyness and anxiety to submit his efforts for my approval was very apparent. Every evening after his labor in the fields was over he had devoted himself to carving these figures in the soft cretaceous limestone of the district. His joy was extreme when we purchased some of his work.

The exhibition building is now partially finished. It stands on a most beautiful site, with a view from the front commanding the town and harbor, while on the other side the hills that bound the plains of Liguanea rise tier over tier to where the Blue Mountain Peak lifts its head 7,500 feet up into the ever-changing cloud strata of the West Indian skies. In the grounds an industrial village has been built, the cost of every house being carefully noted, so that the people may see the approximate expense of these improved dwellings. A model school is attached for the information of country managers. Here will be carried on some of the native industries, such as the making of cassava, etc., and a small number of Caribs from St. Vincent will pursue their vocation of basket-making.

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While the primary object of the exhibition is the industrial education of the people of Jamaica, the commissioners look farther afield and hope that it may be of great service in stimulating the production and foreign trade of the entire West Indies. With a population of over one and a half millions, and an aggregate foreign trade of twelve million pounds, capable of great expansion, the trade of the British West Indies is worth competing for, and there are indications that the competition will be keen.

Jamaica at one time may be said to have depended entirely upon sugar, and the contraction of that industry was followed for a while by serious difficulties. There is now danger that the cultivators may fling themselves as exclusively into the growing of bananas, a crop that is paying splendidly in the virgin soil of recently-cleared ground in sheltered mountain valleys, and on the highly-fertilized fields of abandoned sugar estates. But the banana is a very exhausting crop, and those who look forward see many objections to resting the hopes of future prosperity too largely on the now expanding banana-culture. We hope to learn from those who visit the exhibition what products they require that we can grow, especially non-perishable commodities, and then to show the people how to grow them, with the assurance that the market is ready. In this way we shall divide the risks from drought, flood, or hurricane, and make the position of Jamaica more stable and secure.

Beyond this, we want to induce people of education to come and settle in Jamaica, and manufacturers to see for themselves how favorably circumstanced is the island for the investment of capital. The absence of coal is an obstacle; but in the hundred rivers that water the island there is ample power for the working of any amount of machinery that is likely to be used. Besides, an inducement is offered in the fact that the "excursions and alarums" between capital and labor are here unknown, and one of the most serious risks of capital is thus eliminated. Those who know the black population best are satisfied that neither now nor in the near future is there any probability of such combinations as are found dealing heavy blows against the prosperity of every business in which capital is invested in other countries.

Some years ago I asked an accomplished American lady, who had just completed a tour around the world, what was the most

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beautiful place she had seen. She answered, without hesitation, "Jamaica." I did not then know the island. Now that I do know it I think that in all probability her judgment was correct. Yet except to very few the island is even now a *terra incognita*. During the early history of Jamaica she owed her wealth by turns to piracy and sugar. Of the pirates, some were hanged at Gallows Point; some retired on their fortunes to live like gentlemen at home; one, Sir Henry Morgan, was made lieutenant-governor of the island, where he distinguished himself by his severity to the sea-rovers and as a liberal supporter of the church. To our prudent hankering after New York Jamaica owes the rise of the sugar industry, for in 1675, Surinam having been ceded to the Dutch in exchange for New Amsterdam, now New York, twelve hundred of its inhabitants arrived in Jamaica, where they settled in Westmoreland, and immediately devoted themselves to the cultivation of sugar, as the old history has it, "inspired by their poverty with the resolution to labor." With the rise of the sugar industry came the days of the wealthy proprietors who covered the island with mansions built usually on sites commanding views of ideal beauty. Here they entertained right royally, as men could entertain when sugar sold at sixty and seventy pounds per ton, and the eternal summer was one long round of social pleasures, interrupted from time to time by servile insurrections. In those days the traveller who visited the island was pretty certain to be a person of consideration; every house was open to him, and the remains of old libraries that have here and there survived the periodical cataclysms show that the society of the old time was as cultivated as it was hospitable.

The decline in the value of sugar, which has been going on for a hundred years, sadly clipped the wings of the Jamaican proprietors; the manumission of the slaves completing the ruin of many. By this time old habits and new prices produced the usual result. The properties were mortgaged to their full value to the merchants, into whose hands were paid almost the entire twenty millions voted by the British Parliament for the creation of a free people; the "great houses" were abandoned, some being left standing with plate, pictures, furniture, and library intact, until the pictures fell from their frames or were cut out and used as tarpaulins to cover mule loads; the books were devoured, leaf and cover, by the voracious bookworms; the furniture fell

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to pieces, and the plate alone found its way back to England. Year after year the roll of abandoned sugar estates grew larger, and the society of Jamaica grew smaller. The roofs of the sugar factories fell in; the once busy water-wheels were idle; the long aqueducts succumbed to the continued succession of gentle earthquake shocks and became picturesque ruins, and all were soon hidden in the close embrace of the wanton tropical creepers. It may readily be imagined that during these long years the number of visitors to Jamaica grew less and less. Ruin was preached at home and abroad, and none but artists cared to examine the beauties of decay.

But all this time events were showing that freedom holds a blessing in both hands. The people who in times gone by had worked as slaves on the estates were gradually extending into the higher grounds of the interior, acquiring property, reclaiming and planting, with all the diligence that is the offspring of ownership. While ruin was being noised abroad and scared capital avoided the island, these people were busy laying a broader and deeper foundation of prosperity than that which had gone before, until we suddenly awoke to the fact that these thousands of rivulets of business that filtered down from the mountain clearings united in a volume of trade once and a half as great as that of fifty years ago. In 1847 the exports of Jamaica amounted to £1,671,656, two-thirds of which was sugar, then £24 per ton. The imports amounted to £541,287. The aggregate amount of trade was £2,212,943. In 1889 the exports amounted to £1,828,-590; the imports to £1,695,605; making a total of £3,524,195. The trebling of the imports shows most clearly the advancement of the people in their standard of living, and it must be remembered that the greater portion of these exports and imports is now produced on, or paid for from the produce of, lands that fifty years ago were outside the area of cultivation, leaving large properties intact around the seaboard plains, that only await the application of fresh capital to give returns equal to any area of similar extent in the world.

It is hardly to be wondered at that even with the curiosity of a yearly increasing travelling public, who have sought out the remotest corners of picturesque Europe, Jamaica has remained practically unvisited, for until a very few months ago there was not a hotel in the island; the accommodation for strangers being

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confined to one or two boarding-houses in Kingston. Doubtless the appetite for travel grows by what 'tis fed on, but the stranger who determines to travel without introductions in a country where no arrangements exist for the reception of travellers must have a long purse, a thick skin, and an unlimited stock of patience. But now ample accommodation is being provided. Under a law passed last spring guaranteeing 3 per cent. on the capital invested, large hotels are being built on approved plans not alone in Kingston and its neighborhood, but in various parts of the island. These hotels will be completed in time for the opening of the exhibition, and travellers will find excellent accommodation that will enable them to examine with comfort the beauties of the island.

What those beauties are, who can describe to the satisfaction of another? From the moment when the steamer glides into the harbor past the batteries of Port Royal in the still cold morning air, no two travellers will see the same picture. The gaze of one sweeps round the grand amphitheatre of hills; that of another rests with satisfaction on the great, placid harbor in which the serrated mountains are reflected, on the tall masts that fringe the shore and the blue wreaths of smoke that rise from what appears to be a forest of palms, and tamarinds, and other tropical trees, in whose shade is concealed the busy city of Kingston. And so in travelling round the country, one notes the exquisite blue shades of distant hills; another has an eye only for the details of the foreground; a third sees birds or butterflies; a fourth, flowers or ferns; a fifth may travel through the most beautiful scenery in the world and retain no picture beyond the driver's back and the moving heads of the horses. But whether the visitor comes as an artist, a scientific observer, an invalid, a capitalist, or a traveller seeking change of scene and interest, Jamaica offers every inducement for a visit.

The first consideration for those who desire to pay more than a flying visit to a tropical country is climate, and in this matter there has been serious misconception heretofore regarding Jamaica. As a matter of fact, the climate of Jamaica is as healthy as that of any tropical country in the world, and more healthy than that of most. This is shown by the mean of the birth- and death-rates for the past five years. The mean birth-rate has been 36.6 per thousand; the death-rate, 22.92. Of this latter, 1.75 per thousand

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died under the age of one year. Diversified as is the surface of the island, from the high mountains of the centre to the rolling plains of the seaboard, the temperature is, of course, very varied. Near the summits of the hills it is sub-tropical, varying from 63° to 75° at 3 P. M. At the sea-level it ranges from 75° to 90°. But here the heat is tempered by a fresh sea-breeze that blows all day and a cool land-breeze that sweeps over the hot plains from the mountains all night. It is in the imprudent exposure to this cold breeze, when heated by exercise, that the danger of tropical fevers lies. It is so pleasant that new comers, who carefully avoid a draught at home, are tempted to enjoy the sense of refreshing coolness, forgetting the danger from the sudden check to the action of the pores. If the sun in the West Indies were as dangerous as it is supposed to be, the white male population must long ago have died out, for they walk and ride in the sun, play cricket all day, and otherwise disport themselves after the manner of Englishmen, without any ill effects; but I do not think the example can prudently be followed by persons fresh from higher latitudes.

The scenery is as varied as the climate. Every parish—there are thirteen in the island—claims for itself preëminence of beauty in some respect, and every parish is so far right that there will be found within its borders some point to satisfy the most exacting seeker after the beautiful. Look at the coast scenery of one, the mountain views of another, the river gorges of a third, the park-like expanses of a fourth; the pictures filled in with towering trees, and flowering shrubs, and graceful ferns, and lovely orchids.

Stand in the early summer morning at the Clifton Mount pass above Newcastle, when the sun is just bursting over the hills, and the air is fresh and pure as Eden, and look to the westward over the lower ranges that stretch away to the gray distance of the Clarendon Mountains, from whose valleys the mists are rising in fleecy masses, creeping up the hillsides until they melt under the warm kisses of the morning glory, while the great shadows of the hilltops shrink down the opposite slopes of the valleys before the rising sun. Down beyond the valley at your feet, where a thousand feet below the Hope River rises, are spread the plain of Liguanea and the harbor, formed by the long spit of land, at the extremity of which you can with a glass count the houses of what remains of old Port Royal—just

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enough to afford shelter to a few fishermen and pilots and the people employed as workmen about the dockyard and forts. The other portion of the wicked old capital rests under the keels of the war-ships that are lying at their moorings. The old bell of the parish church, the only property of the buried town and treasures ever recovered, was brought up by an adventurous American diver, and is now in the possession of the Jamaica Institute. On the north of the harbor you see the town of Kingston with its fifty miles of streets. The plain is studded with the houses of the wealthier inhabitants, and beyond the Red Hills, once the sanitarium of Jamaica, the bright green squares of the Caymanas sugar estate stand out in vivid contrast to the dark foliage of the low forest that stretches along the Spanish Tower Road. Still more distant, in the plain of St. Catherine the old town of Santiago de la Vega recalls the memory of the stirring days when the foundations of Jamaican history were laid by the conquering pioneers from Spain. That old town has seen its full share of carnage in the ups and downs of West Indian warfare, and until twenty years ago it remained the seat of government and the centre of the social life of Jamaica. Since then it has drunk deep of the waters of adversity, and shanties were repaired with the flooring of ruined ballrooms. But the tide has turned, and houses that five years ago were valueless are now being repaired for ready tenants. It is not likely that the social glories of the old times will soon return, but the place shows signs of entering upon a period of solid prosperity. It will probably be a favorite tourist centre, as around it are some of the most beautiful riding and driving roads in the country, while, being on the railway at the junction of the two great branches, from it ready access can be had to any part of the island.

All these hills that now look so bright in the morning sun are thickly populated, and down the mountain paths on market-days may be seen long strings of women with baskets containing a varied assortment of fruits and vegetables on their heads. They make nothing of a walk of fifteen miles to market, and form picturesque groups of color as they swing along, chattering gayly with their companions. The marketing is usually left to the women, the men remaining at work in their fields. Along the northern side the loads are most frequently bananas, for this is the part of the island where that trade has most expanded. Almost daily a

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fruit steamer arrives from America. Immediately telegrams are despatched to the inland post-offices, and the bananas are cut and carried down to the port, where loading goes on day and night until completed. These fast fruit steamers are fitted up for passengers and afford means of frequent communication with New York and Boston. A hotel is now projected at Anotto Bay, to which port some of the fruit steamers come. Thence tourists will be forwarded to Kingston, a drive of thirty miles, by the mountain road that follows the course of the Wagg Water River. Half-way are the public gardens of Castleton, where there will also be a small hotel or rest-house. These gardens are not only most beautiful, but they contain one of the finest collection of palms in the world.

Jamaica is in regular communication with Europe by the Royal Mail steamers fortnightly from Southampton, the West India and Pacific steamers from Liverpool, and the Clyde Line from London and Glasgow; while communication with Halifax is secured by the Pickford and Black West India Line, sailing monthly *viâ* Bermuda, and with the United States by the Atlas Line and Anchor Line from New York, and the fruit steamers of the Boston Fruit Company, the Wessels Company, and John E. Kerr & Co. Besides these means of communication, the Plant Steamship Line is about to establish communication between Jamaica and Tampa, so that travellers who may dread the possible rough waters off Cape Hatteras can go by land to Florida and at Tampa find themselves within three days of Jamaica, over usually quiet southern seas.

Should a regular succession of visitors be attracted to the island, Jamaica must profit greatly. But the benefits will not be entirely on her side, for a visit to a beautiful and healthy island, whose history began before Jacques Cartier had discovered Hochelaga or Lord Baltimore had settled Maryland, cannot be without interest; and whether the traveller sees Jamaica in the early morning as she rises fresh and sparkling from the deep blue waters of the Caribbean Sea, or looks at dewy eve when the red flashes of the setting sun tinge with rose and gold the diadems of fleecy clouds that crown her mountain summits, he must acknowledge that there are some grounds for the pride which her sons take in her as the Pearl of the Antilles.

HENRY A. BLAKE.

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CAN LAWYERS BE HONEST?

BY HOMER GREENE.

THERE is a popular opinion in America that lawyers, as a class, are dishonest. One is not obliged to go far nor live long in order to be able to make that affirmation. It is not a new opinion either. It dates from a "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." Whether justly or unjustly, the dishonesty of lawyers has become proverbial. A white blackbird is no less *rara avis* in the common mind than is an honest lawyer.

A peculiar feature of the case is that lawyers do not, by reason of their calling, lose caste or credit. They are as highly regarded in the community as are the members of any other profession or calling. It does not seem to have occurred to the general public to look upon the question of their alleged moral laxity as one for serious consideration. The tendency has been rather to treat it as a huge joke. Indeed, tradition and the books are full of good stories told at the expense of professional integrity.

Perhaps the chief reason for this singular state of affairs is that the lawyer is believed to be dishonest only when his dishonesty will advance the cause of his client, and retard or defeat that of his opponent in the law.

This consideration brings up another peculiar feature of the case, which is that, as a rule, lawyers are believed to be honest with their own clients. Indeed, it may be said that the lawyer enjoys a respect and faith on the part of his client for which the merchant, the physician, even the preacher, may well envy him.

It will be seen, by this time, that it is not intended to include in this discussion those few members of the bar who disgrace their profession by the conduct of a highwayman or a hog. No doubt they justify whatever evil reputation they may have, but they bear too small a proportion to the whole number of lawyers

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to deserve consideration here. The bulk of the legal profession —indeed an overwhelming proportion—is composed of men whose names are synonymous with respectability, and it is with this class only that it is proposed to deal.

The first question that arises in the case is this:

Does the conduct of lawyers, in the practice of their profession, justify the popular opinion concerning them? In other words, are lawyers as a class really dishonest? This question can be answered seriously in the affirmative only at the risk of rousing the warm indignation of all members of the bar.

No lawyer will admit that he is dishonest. Very few will charge themselves, even in the privacy of their own thoughts, with moral impropriety in practice. They are ready to justify themselves in any course they may take, and what they do they do, as a rule, with unburdened consciences.

Is this because they really do nothing amiss?

The cases in which an attorney will admit that he is on the wrong side of a suit at law are very rare. Yet will any candid lawyer dispute the fact that in at least 50 per cent. of the causes which he tries in court he would have appeared for the adverse party if that party had been the first to retain his services? Does it not seem that, from the attorney's stand-point, the question of right and wrong is largely determined by priority of retainer?

Suppose we examine into this question a little more closely. Take, for instance, a case involving the contract of a minor. A man seeks to be relieved from the fulfilment of a burdensome contract because at the time of making the contract he was a few days or weeks under the age of twenty-one years. How many attorneys are there at any bar who, on application for their services in the matter, would say to that man: "It is true that the law will relieve you from that obligation, but in honor you are bound to fulfil it, however burdensome it may be. You cannot retain my services in an effort of this kind"?

The average attorney looks at the legal rather than the moral aspect of the matter, advises the man that he has a good case in law, and accepts a retainer for his defence.

Now, no one will deny that it is really unmanly and ignoble for a man of sound mind to plead the "baby act" in order to avoid an honest obligation. Why is the attorney who assists him in doing so less unmanly and ignoble? The client may have

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his moral judgment warped by the interest he has at stake; but there is no reason why the attorney should be similarly affected. Is it true that a client who is seeking to attain an end in law inconsistent with just principles may be guilty of moral impropriety while the attorney who advises and aids him is justified and innocent?

Light will be thrown on the answer to this question if we examine another rule of law in more general use, viz., the running of the statute of limitations against debts more than six years old.

Every one will admit that this is, in itself, a most just and judicious rule, and of great benefit to society at large. Yet there are cases—though, indeed, they are rare—where its enforcement works injustice and oppression. But in these cases the law can not step aside to favor those who may be prejudiced. The law must follow certain lines, and carry out certain principles, and be uniform in its application. Its processes must be invariable. It cannot be bent and twisted to take in each individual case. If it could be, it would be as worthless, as a standard of human justice, as individual judgment now is. To violate its rules or avoid its results for the purpose of saving one innocent man would be to open the door for the escape of a hundred or a thousand guilty ones. Indeed, the individual injustice that results from a strict application of the rules of law in an isolated case but serves to emphasize the strength and certainty of that law, and to inspire respect for and fear of it. Must, then, that lawyer who seeks the enforcement of a law which, while it is prejudicial to an individual in an exceptional case, at the same time strengthens the pillars of society—must that lawyer be set down as narrow-minded or dishonest? Is not he, by his effort, advancing "the greatest good of the greatest number"?

The law governs conduct, not motives. It is the duty of the courts to enforce the law in favor of any person who places himself within the proper limits of the law, regardless of his motive for so doing. Is the lawyer to set himself up higher than the law? Are the duties of lawyers more sacred than the duties of courts? If a man places himself within the rules and under the protection of the statute of limitations, are lawyers bound any more than courts are to go back and unearth his motive for such conduct?

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Suppose the statement of his case which the client makes to the attorney does not, in the attorney's view, exhibit a perfectly moral motive or line of conduct: does it necessarily follow that, because the attorney's sense of the moral fitness of things does not quite coincide with that of his client, the ideas of the one must be unalterably right and those of the other unmistakably wrong? Is it any part of the duty of an attorney to fix a standard of morality for his client? Would not an attempt to do so be regarded as unpardonably presumptuous?

But there is something to be said in reply.

It must be admitted that neither the law nor the courts can discriminate between suitors, nor penetrate into the minds of parties at law in search of motives or morals. But does it therefore follow that it is not the duty of lawyers to do so? Does it not rather follow that, since it is without the province of the law and the courts, it is all the more the duty of the lawyer to do so? The task is not a difficult one. Motives are not far to seek in the light of past or proposed conduct. Why not, as lawyers, give aid to those whose motives are good, and refuse assistance to those whose motives look to inequitable results? And surely there are certain broad standards of right and wrong which one may follow safely without trespassing on debatable land in the domain of morals.

Again, it is true that the rules of law must be invariable and their application uniform, and that no lawyer is called on to violate or even to evade them in order to save the individual from unjust suffering. But is there any valid reason why he should not discourage, to the extent of his ability, that peculiar use of the law which leads to individual injustice?

But the problem has still other and more complex features.

Suppose, after a full examination of his client's case, the attorney finds that it is a good one in law and, for the greater part, in equity also; but that in some minor detail the client has erred or has even committed a wrong. Is it the duty of the attorney, because the case is tainted with this slight indiscretion, or marked with this unimportant attribute of evil, to refuse the client his assistance in obtaining that large measure of justice to which he is certainly entitled?

To carry the suggestion still farther: suppose an attorney undertakes a cause, having full faith in its perfect honesty and com-

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plete equity, and, while actually engaged in the trial, learns of some small error on the part of his client in connection with the case, some venial wrong, some unjust or inequitable thing done by him, which, though not sufficient to outweigh the substantial justice of his cause, still places upon it a slight burden of unfairness. What is the attorney to do? Abandon the case on the high road to success for what most people would call a trivial reason?

Suppose, in addition to what he already knows, the attorney learns of something done or left undone, something about which his opponent is ignorant, but which, if revealed and presented to the court and jury, would so change the aspect of the case in law as to make it almost impossible for his client to recover. Is that attorney morally bound to point out to the opposition this defect in his case? to condemn openly his client's fault and parade his error? What would be thought and said of an attorney who should make such an exhibition as this in court? Would he not be called either a fool or a traitor?

Take a similar case in the criminal courts. Suppose the defendant is on trial for murder. Is the attorney bound, in justice to his client, prisoner and in chains though the client be, to conceal all the defects in his case? to suppress all evidence that is prejudicial to him, regardless of its character? to fight as bitterly against the revelation on the witness-stand of those truths that make against the prisoner as he fights earnestly to bring out those that are in his favor? Should the attorney's aim be to have the prisoner acquitted? or should it be to have him fairly tried, whether that trial result in acquittal or conviction?

But what would be thought of an attorney who, in a suit of this kind, would decline to take advantage of a technical error by which he might secure his client's acquittal, on the ground that it *was* a technical error and did not go to the merits of the case? What would be thought of him if he should allow, when he might have prevented, the presentation of damaging evidence against his client because he believed that evidence to be reliable and true? What would be thought of him if, in addition to this, he should actually produce such evidence on the part of the defence for the same reason?

It is difficult to conceive of a case of this kind, it is so far beyond precedent; but if such a case should occur, it is not hard to

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imagine the denunciation that would be heaped on the attorney concerned in it. Yet if he is strictly honorable, if he is seeking for his client justice rather than acquittal, what course is open to him other than the one suggested?

Again, no attorney in asking for the judgment of the court on the legal aspect of his case, ever, by any chance, cites precedents that make for the opposing interests, unless he cites them for the purpose of refuting them. No attorney ever comments favorably to the jury on evidence that bears against his client, no matter how trustworthy or pertinent it may be.

If he has within his knowledge facts or precedents that, if known, would put the case of his opponent in a better light, he is the last one to disclose them. His policy is more or less a policy of concealment. But concealment not only leads to—it is in itself—deceit. Yet if deceit is one of the conditions of success in obtaining substantial justice for a client, why may it not, in this instance, be regarded as a virtue rather than as a fault? In other words, is not the standard of morals, in the practice of law, necessarily, one need not say lower than, but different from, that which should govern conduct in other relations of life? And may not a lawyer adopt, with propriety, the professional standard in his practice and retain the other at home and in society? As a matter of fact, is not this what is usually done? And is it not the secret of the respect which is had for lawyers at home and in society, and of the prevalent opinion concerning them so far as the practice of their profession is concerned? But is it an honorable consistency that has two standards of right and wrong, one for professional and one for private life? What difference can it make in the abstract honesty of the thing done whether it is a man's wife and children whom he attempts to deceive or the court and "gentlemen of the jury"? And why should it be less ignoble to do a dishonest or unfair thing in behalf of another than to do it for one's own benefit?

If the popular opinion be correct, that morality in its finer and more spiritual phases, and conscience in its fainter and more delicate promptings, are comparative strangers to those engaged in an active practice of the law while they are so engaged—if this be true, then why is it true?

The answer to this can better be given after considering what is really the most important and serious question at issue, viz.:

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Can an attorney be successful in his calling if he follows the lines of integrity and the promptings of conscience with unvarying strictness?

It is not pleasant to say of any honorable calling that it places a premium on dishonesty; and so far as the practice of the law is concerned this may not be true. But take the instance already supposed, of the attorney who, while advising his client that he has a good case in law, refuses to be employed by him on the ground that the case has inequitable features, and that therefore a man of strict honor could not conscientiously give it his aid and support. How long would it be before that client would have in his employ some attorney whose conscience did not bind him with such rigid rules?

Suppose, as has already been suggested, that during the trial of a cause in court the attorney for one side or the other should arise and, in the expressive language of the day, "give the case away" because his strict sense of honor would not allow him to conceal an important fact or precedent. Would his client be likely to again intrust him with a case at law? Would ninety-nine out of a hundred persons who had heard his fatal admissions and statements employ him thereafter in any matter at law in which they might become parties? How long would it be, if he should persist in this general line of conduct, before prospective and active litigants would avoid him altogether? Surely no one would care to place important interests in the hands of an attorney who, by reason of a too tender conscience or an over-scrupulous sense of honesty, is liable at any moment to wreck the entire cause.

For what purpose do people employ attorneys? To advise them as to the moral status of their claims? By no means! They want to know, in the first place, whether they have good cases at law, and, if they have, they want those cases pushed to a successful issue, regardless of any questions of ethics that may arise concerning them. The bulk of the men who have business in the courts, in this era, consider themselves capable of being their own custodians of morals.

It may be well to say, at this point, that the clientage had in view in this discussion is not a clientage of rogues, but of that great body of respectable persons who enter or who are forced into litigation, believing that justice lies in the main, if not wholly, on their side.

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But as a rule clients are blindly prejudiced in favor of their own view of a case. The old leaven of human selfishness works in them constantly to their own moral undoing. In order to win they will resort to conduct and methods that in any other person at any other time they themselves would denounce as disgraceful. And the serious part of it is that what they are willing to do for themselves they expect—yes, they demand—that their attorney shall do for them.

Does any one imagine that this is a pleasant position for the attorney? Does any one wonder that he is in danger of losing the finer edge from his moral sense? Doubtless there is no other honorable profession under the sun in which a man is so constantly and so sorely tempted to swerve from the straight line of strict honesty as he is in the law.

Is not this, after all, the secret of the decadence, if decadence there be, in professional morals?

The desire and aim of the client must necessarily reflect upon the attorney. The attorney, at the worst, is only what the client expects him to be, wants him to be, employs him to be.

Suppose the case were different. Suppose every prospective litigant were to relieve himself of all manner of blame before seeking the services of a lawyer, were to apologize if an apology was called for, pay money if money were due, confess and plead guilty if he had done a wrong or committed a crime, and, having exhausted every effort of the kind that a nice sense of honor would demand, suppose he were still compelled to go to law to obtain or protect his rights: what would the result be if he should lay the matter fairly before his attorney and say: "I want this case tried openly and honorably. I don't want a suspicion of unfairness or prejudice or undue advantage of any kind to attach to it in any way"?

Why, the result would be that the attorney would obey instructions and do so cheerfully. And if the opposing attorney were similarly instructed, what an unusual and refreshing spectacle there would be in court when that case should come on for trial! Yet there are few attorneys who would not rather, and far rather, conduct a cause after this fashion than with the usual concealment, evasion, exaggeration, and strained logic, if only they could be satisfied of the approval of their client and the appreciation of the public.

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Suppose all clients should desire their cases conducted in this way and all attorneys should yield to that desire, as doubtless they would be glad to: how the character of litigation would be changed! how the atmosphere of the courts would be cleared and purified! what a moral revolution society at large would undergo!

The public may wag its head, and smile and talk as it will about the disingenuousness of lawyers, but when it has succeeded in taking the beam out of its own eye, it will be astonished to find that the motes in the eyes of its brethren, the lawyers, have already disappeared.

But this dream of a reformed society and a reformed bar is Utopian. Few people have yet attained to the point of perfection reached by these imaginary clients. Men must be taken as they are, not as they ought to be, in discussing problems concerning them; and there still remain among us those human prejudices and passions that govern individual conduct, and that, overflowing into the office of the attorney, drive him often to the verge of dishonor.

So the burden of the effort at reform rolls back again upon the attorney; and does it not properly belong with him, after all? Has not he the power of compelling would-be clients to come to him with clean hands and honest hearts? His aid is indispensable when the law is to be invoked. Suppose he were to refuse that aid until they shall have purged themselves of all manner of unfairness and deceit. Suppose—not one attorney alone, for that would mean professional disaster to him, as we have already seen, but—an entire bar should adopt a certain high standard of professional morals, and compel their clients to come to it and live up to it. Would not that solve the problem?

Utopia again! It is easy enough to form bar associations and lay down rules for the conduct of members, to a certain point, and to enforce them too. Direct falsehood, treachery to a client, a hundred unprofessional and dishonorable deeds, may be discovered and punished. But how can any man or set of men lay down rules to govern conduct in relation to those nicer moral qualities in which no man is capable of judging another; qualities which are too ethereal to be reduced to material form, too subtile to be moulded into definite shape, too spiritual to be defined in the language of men? In this moral domain there is no room for for-

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mulated laws for the government of any conduct but self-conduct. Here each individual must be his own censor and guide.

Hence the fallacy, not to say the folly, of attempting to frame a system of laws which shall take in the entire range of professional ethics, with a view to its enforcement by any organization.

In the mean time this is the situation: The profession of the law is, to a certain extent, in ill repute. Lawyers are regarded, as a class, with something more than suspicion, so far as their professional integrity is concerned. More serious still is the fact that this suspicion is not wholly unfounded, and that this lack of integrity, if such it may be called, goes not only unrebuked by the people at large, but is actually placed at a premium by those people when they become prospective or active litigants.

For all this there should be a remedy. Who will suggest it?

Who will rescue a most honorable calling from its present unfortunate environment?

HOMER GREENE.

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THE SILVER QUESTION AGAIN.

BY JESSE SELIGMAN.

THE first essentials of production and commerce are certainty and stability. Absolute certainty is, of course, never attainable; even moderate certainty is rare. Whatever reduces uncertainty aids enterprise. The physical obstacles surrounding undertakings are difficult enough to foresee; they should not be complicated wilfully.

It is apparent that in a community where money is unknown and barter is in vogue there would be two causes affecting the value of any article which the owner desires to exchange for any other article. These would be, first, the amount of the former as compared with the needs of the community, and, secondly, the amount of the latter, similarly compared. The value of the article would vary according to this compound ratio, and any one making a contract must run the risk of variation in each ratio. The introduction of money does away with one of these causes of complication by substituting a standard whose variations are exceedingly slow in their operation. For this purpose all civilized nations have come to use gold, a metal whose scarcity and usefulness have qualified it for the purpose. It will not, presumably, be questioned that in industrial and commercial operations certainty is essential, and it should be clear that this certainty is better attained by a standard in conformity with that of other communities than by a different one.

On this point the mere mention of a few facts drawn from our own experience will dispel all doubt. Our surplus agricultural products are all exported to countries having a gold standard, and are paid for in that standard. Suppose for a moment ours to be a silver standard, and what results? Our farmers are paid in silver, while grain and cotton prices follow not only agricultural prices

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abroad, but the price of silver as well. Wider variations in price, more difficult to foresee, result, together with an increase and accentuation of that speculation which the producer regards as so injurious to his interests, and the producer suffers: prudent buyers for uncertain markets insist on ample margin to guard against loss, and this means lower prices for the producer.

It seems unnecessary to say more on this point; the statement carries its own proof. If we had no commercial relations with other countries, a silver standard would answer our purpose as well as a gold standard. True; but we have such relations, and they are of enormous importance. A standard different from that of the commercial world would affect the vast mass of our imports and exports, and but little less directly every other industry touching these at any point. We desire to create a foreign market for our products; and shall we manifest our desire by putting obstacles in the way of its fulfilment? But it is said that the country is crying for more circulating medium: whether it needs it or not, is a question apart from the question of free coinage of silver, and one to be considered on its own merits. If it is needed, by all means let it be furnished; but let it be a medium that will cure and not aggravate the complaint.

But enough—the contention so far is but this: the most stable commercial condition is the most favorable; a common standard with other nations gives more stability than the reverse. This is only saying that it is easier to walk a steady than a swaying tight-rope.

Does free coinage of silver mean a silver standard? Undoubtedly; and the most disastrous effects of free coinage are not, by far, those outlined above, but consist in the agonies of transition.

What is free coinage? Free coinage of silver means that any one may present 412½ grains of silver 900 fine at the mints of the United States and have a silver dollar coined therefrom. But silver 1,000 fine is worth in the market $1.05 per ounce of 480 grains; so 412½ grains 900 fine can be bought for 81 cents. Who would not jump at so simple and certain a profit? The government stands ready to give $1 for a quantity of metal that may be purchased for 81 cents; the profit is certain; there is no risk. Is it doubted that practically all silver bullion in the country will flow into the mint, that silver will come from abroad for the same purpose, and that the product of the mines will take

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the shortest road to the same shelter? So large an increase in circulating medium causes a rise in prices, which checks exports and stimulates imports of commodities,—checks exports, for foreign countries cannot use our products at such high prices; stimulates imports, for foreign merchandise is then cheap, compared with our prices. So at the moment when we have the most imports to pay for we are deprived of our usual means of paying for them, namely, our exports. But pay we must; commodities cannot be sent except at a loss; only gold can be had on the old basis; silver cannot go, for who will send silver abroad for the privilege of receiving 81 cents, when at home the state offers a dollar? So the gold goes, and a wild scramble begins for the metal which is, after all, the standard of the world. The gold in government vaults is quickly drained, then follows a premium, and the silver standard is upon us.

The magnitude of the forces at work to bring about these results can be seen by considering a few important figures. The mines of the United States yielded during the calendar year 1889 gold to the value of $32,800,000; silver with a commercial value of $46,750,000, but with a coining value of $64,646,464. The whole world produced in the same year $121,162,000 of gold and $161,318,000 (coining value) of silver.

The stock of gold and silver in the United States on November 1, 1890, is estimated by the Director of the Mint to have been $1,180,236,177, of which $694,865,680 consisted of gold coin and bullion. The metallic assets of the treasury of the United States on the same date consisted of $294,489,602 gold and $352,566,752 silver.

In other words, the greater part of the treasury assets already consists of silver. Under a free-coinage law, the four hundred millions of gold now circulating or hoarded by private parties or banks outside of the treasury vaults would at once disappear from circulation, while the gold in the treasury would remain no longer than the time required for the physical effort to remove it.

The effect of a change of standard on enterprises in course of execution, on established business, on investments,—in fact, on all industry,—is most disastrous. Such a change defeats every reasonable expectation formed before it took place. Merchants that have bound themselves to make large payments in other countries, and therefore in gold, receive silver from those that

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owe them, and so cannot pay their debts, or, if they can, then only at immense loss. Railroads receive silver for freight and passengers carried, and have promised to pay their bonds and coupons in gold; and so throughout the list. But this is only the beginning. The failure of one merchant means the failure of others, his creditors; mercantile failures, the stoppage of factories, the ruin of railroads, mean laborers and mechanics thrown out of employment, reduced wages to those remaining, and, to crown all, decreased purchasing power of these reduced wages. Prices of commodities rise rapidly; wages but slowly.

Let it not be forgotten what such a condition means: translated into daily newspaper reports, it reads, distrust; failure upon failure of commercial houses, of banks, of factories; demoralization; panic; then hard times; utter stagnation and dulness, and, accompanying all this, suffering and hardship.

Those who will feel these hardships most keenly are wage-earners and farmers, the people of small means, for they have no surplus on which they can depend: a reduction of the purchasing power of wages means to them an inroad on the comforts and necessaries of life, and not merely smaller savings, as it does to those of larger means.

It is admitted that our coinage as at present constituted is not satisfactory; the discussion of a remedy is an interesting subject, but one which the present limits will not permit us to enter on. Let it here suffice that our inquiry has shown free coinage not to be the remedy, for it is a blow at prosperity—a blow the main force of which will fall on wage-earners and producers. Let these examine the question candidly, and if they do not bring their representatives to a realizing sense of their position, they will have only themselves to blame for the consequences.

Whether the solution will ultimately be in international bimetallism, time will show; conferences of all the principal nations to discuss the subject should be encouraged. Meanwhile it is to the interest of every section of the country that it do not expose itself to grave dangers in attempting the impossible.

Just here the cry for more circulating medium calls for a word concerning the distinction between free coinage and the coinage of a fixed amount of silver by the state. The coinage of a fixed amount by the state stands, for purposes of circulation, on the same basis as an issue of paper money. As a circulating

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medium it is good as long as there is back of it, in the control of the state, an amount of gold sufficient to meet all demands for redemption. It circulates because every one believes it to be convertible into gold on demand. What proportion such issues must bear to reserves is a matter of banking experience. But it is here important to note the distinction between this condition and free coinage; it is a difference of kind, not of degree.

Let us formulate the conclusions forced upon us. We see that certainty is a necessary element of prosperous industry; that a standard of value in common with other countries contributes to certainty; that free coinage of silver causes a different standard; that therefore free coinage of silver is a measure hurtful to the prosperity of the country; and, above all, that the financial strain incident to the change of standard will be severer than any previously experienced in this country.

JESSE SELIGMAN.

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HAS CHRISTIANITY FAILED?

BY OUIDA AND FATHER IGNATIUS.

VERY soon, as the history of the world counts time, Christianity will have completed its two thousand years of existence. In some shape or other its doctrines dominate the whole of Europe and America and Australasia; and even in Asia and in Africa its representatives and its missionaries are busied in the endeavors to diffuse them into the dark places of the earth. Whether we accept it as what is called a revealed or supernatural religion, or whether we consider it an offspring of the older and similar myths of Asia united to Judaism, the fact remains the same of the immense area of its adoption by the human race, and especially by the Aryan race. Islamism is widespread, but has no continuous power of proselytism similar to Christianity; and Judaism, though inexorably potent on the Jewish tribes, whatever country they inhabit, can claim little or no power of attracting strangers within its fold; does not, indeed, seek to attract any.

To live and spread as it has done, Christianity must have some vital force within itself superior to those possessed by other creeds. It must be suited to the human race in some manner which the religion of Mohammed and that of Israel have alike missed. Indeed, the whole history of the acquisition of its dominion is very singular, and has probably been due to the socialistic element contained in it; for the gospels are a breviary intimately dear to the heart of every communist. Mohammedanism is aristocratic; so is Judaism; so were the Greek and Latin religions; but Christianity is the religion of democracy, of universal equality, of the poor man consoled for privation on earth by his belief that such privation is surely the narrow gate by which heaven alone can be reached. Even in the moment when Christianity most nearly approached an aristocratic worship, it

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still contained the germs of democracy; it still held out hope to the poor man, hope both spiritual and material: in the feudal ages, when it was the war-cry of knights and the ruling power of great kings and arrogant priests, it still whispered in the ear of the swineherd and the scullion: "Take my tonsure and my habit, and who knows that thou mayst not live to earn the triple crown?"

Because socialism is for a great part atheistic, it has been wholly forgotten how socialistic have been the influences on society of Christianity. The evangels are essentially the dream of a poor man; the vision of a peasant asleep after a day of toil, and seeing in his vision the angels come for him, whilst they spurn the rich man on whose fields he has labored. "Come to me, all ye who sorrow and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." It is the invitation to the poor; not to the rich. The disciples are fishermen for the most part; Christ is himself a carpenter; the whole dream is a passion-play of peasants as entirely as that which represented it last year in Ammergau; and in it power, intellect, and law are all subverted and proved wrong when Pilate goes down from the judgment-seat, and the watching fishers believe that they behold the resurrection. This socialistic influence the doctrines of Christianity have had, and have gradually made felt throughout many ages, and are making felt more sharply and rudely in this our own than in any other age. The most "pious" of all sects are also always the most democratic: the Nonconformists and the Wesleyans are always the most intent on levelling the barriers and irregularities of social life. Protestantism was the democratic daughter of the Papacy, but the Papacy was also a democrat when it made it possible for a swineherd to hold the keys of St. Peter, and for a Becket to rule a Plantagenet, for a Wolsey to rule a Tudor.

Again and again the humble vassal lived to thunder excommunication upon monarchs, and the timid scribe who dared not lift his eyes from his scroll became the most powerful, the most arrogant, the most inexorable of churchmen. It was this hope contained within it for the lowliest, this palm held out by it to the poorest, which made the enormous influence of Christianity from the days of Basil and Augustine to the days of Richelieu and Wolsey. The feudal lords who shouted Christian war-cries, and the despotic kings who swore by the Holy Rood and by Our Lady,

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were wholly unconscious that in the creed they cherished there were the germs of the democratic influences which would in time to come undermine thrones and make aristocracy an empty name; they did not know that in Clement Marot's psalm-books and in Wycliffe's Bible there lay folded that which would in time to come bring forth the thesis of Bakounine and the demands of the Knights of Labor.

And if we meditate on and realize the essentially socialistic tendencies of the Christian creed, we may wonder that the "*grands de la terre*" ever so welcomed it, or ever failed to see in it the death-germs of their own order; but we shall completely understand why it fascinated all the laboring classes of mankind and planted in them those seeds of communism which are now bearing forth full fruit. But what is almost equally certain is that Christianity will be wholly powerless to restrain the results of what it has inspired.

For of all absolutely powerless things on earth Christianity is the most powerless, even though sovereigns are still consecrated, multitudes still baptized, parliaments and tribunals still opened, and countless churches and cathedrals still builded in its name. It has become a shibboleth, a husk, a robe with no heart beating within it, a winged angel carved in dead wood. It has said that it is almost impossible for the rich man to be just or inherit the kingdom of heaven: the anarchists insist that it is utterly impossible, and will, if they can, cast the rich man into hell on earth.

Christianity has opened the flood-gates to socialism; but it will not have any power in itself to close them again. For nothing can be in more complete contradiction than the prevalence of the profession of Christianity with the impotency of that profession to color and control human life. The Buddha of Galilee has not one-thousandth part of the direct influence on his professional disciples that is possessed by the Buddha of India. Christianity is professed over the whole earth wherever the Aryan race exists and rules, but all the kingdoms and republics which make it their state creed are, practically, wholly unaffected by its doctrines, except in so far as their socialistic members derive precedent and strength from them. Take, for instance, that which governs states and prescribes the duties of men—the majesty of the law, as it is termed—the science and the practice of legislation.

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Side by side with the religion enjoined by the state there exists a code of legislation which violates every precept of Christianity, and resembles only the *lex talionis* of the old Hebrew law, which the Christian creed was supposed to have destroyed and superseded.

A savage insistence on having an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth is the foundation of all modern law. The European or the American or the Australasian goes on Sunday to his church and says his formula, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," and then on the Monday morning prosecutes a boy who stole a ball of string, or a neighbor who has invaded a right of way, or an enemy whose cow has strayed, or whose horse has kicked, or whose dog has bitten, and exacts for one and all of these offences the uttermost penalty that the law will permit him to demand. It may be said that such law is absolutely necessary in civilized states: it may be so; but then the empty formula of the Christian forgiveness of trespasses should be in honesty abandoned.

Mr. Ruskin never writes on Venice without dwelling on the vital influence of the Christian creed on the men of the middle ages, and contrasting the religious spirit of those whose cry was St. Mark and whose admiration was St. Jerome with those of modern times, when these names mean nothing on the ears of men. But, in truth, the influence was architectural and artistic rather than moral; the memory neither of St. Mark nor St. Jerome ever prevented the blinding of the eyes of doges who had displeased the people, the treachery and brutality of their inexorable decree, or the torture of the Foscari, or the betrayal of Carracciolo, or the sale of slaves, or any one of the awful cruelties and tyrannies of the Council of Ten.

And as it was in the Venice of the middle ages, so has it been and is wherever Christianity is nominally dominant. The cross is embroidered on banners and its psalter is carried to churches in pious hands, but its real influence on the life of nations is as slight as that of Mark and Jerome on the Council of Ten. The whole practical life of nations lives, breathes, and holds its place by creeds and necessities which are the complete antithesis of the Christian; they are selfish in their policies, bloodthirsty in their wars, cunning in their diplomacy, avaricious in their commerce, unsparing in their hours of victory. They are so, and, alas!

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they must be so, or they would be pushed out of their place amongst nations and parcelled out, like Joseph's coat, amongst their foes.

The capitalist who makes millions by the manufacture of rifled cannon sees no inconsistency in murmuring in his seat at Catholic mass or Protestant service, "Return good for evil," "If one cheek be smitten, turn the other," and all the rest of the injunctions to peace and forbearance: were any to suggest to him the inconsistency of his conduct, such an one would speak to deaf ears; that his whole life was a violation of the precepts he professed would be an unintelligible reproach to him; his soul would take refuge, smug and safe, in his formulas. Yet who can deny that, if the commands of Christianity had in the least penetrated beneath the surface of human life, to make weapons of destruction would be viewed as a crime so frightful that none would attempt it? Some writer has said that "singing psalms never yet prevented a grocer from sanding his sugar." This rough joke expresses in a grotesque form what may be said in all seriousness of the impotency of Christianity to affect modern national life.

Christianity is a formula: it is nothing more. The nations in which daily services in its honor are said in thousands and tens of thousands of cathedrals and churches, sell opium to the Chinese, cheat and slay red Indians, slaughter with every brutality the peaceful natives of Tonquin and Anam, carry fire and sword into central Asia, kill Africans like ants on expeditions, and keep a whole populace in the grip of military service from the Spree to the Elbe, from the Seine to the Neva. Whether the nation be England, America, France, Russia, or Germany, the fact is the same; with the gospels on its reading-desks and their shibboleth on its lips, every nation practically follows the lusts and passions of its human greeds for possession of territory and increase of treasure. Not one amongst them is better in this matter than another. Krupp guns, shrapnel shells, nitro-glycerine, and submarine torpedoes are the practical issues of evangelicism all over the civilized world. And the nations are so sublimely unconscious of their own hypocrisy that they have blessings on their warfare pronounced by their ecclesiastics, and implore the Lord of Hosts for his sympathy before sending out armored cruisers.

It is inevitable, is the reply: in the present state of hostility

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between all nations, the first one to renounce the arts of war would be swallowed up by the others. So it would be, no doubt; but if this be the chief fruit of Christianity, may not this religion justly be said to have failed conspicuously in impressing itself upon mankind? It has impressed its formulas; not its spirit. It has sewn a phylactery on the hem of humanity's robe: it has never touched the soul of humanity beneath the robe. It has produced the iniquities of the Inquisition, the egotism and celibacy of the monasteries, the fury of religious wars, the ferocity of the Hussite, of the Catholic, of the Puritan, of the Spaniard, of the Irish Orangeman and of the Irish Papist; it has divided families, alienated friends, lighted the torch of civil war, and borne the virgin and the graybeard to the burning pile, broken delicate limbs upon the wheel and wrung the souls and bodies of innocent creatures on the rack: all this it has done, and done in the name of God.

But of mercy, of pity, of forbearance, of true self-sacrifice, what has it ever taught the world?

A while ago there was published an account of the manufacture of the deadliest sort of dynamite on the shores of Arran. Full in the front of the great sea, with all the majesty of a rock-bound and solitary shore around them, these hideous works raise their blasphemous face to nature and pollute and profane her most solemn glories. And there, on this coast of Arran, numbers of young girls work at the devilish thing in wooden huts, with every moment the ever-present risk of women and huts being blown into a million of atoms if so much as a shred of metal or even a ray of too warm sunshine strike on the foul, sickly, infernal compound which their fingers handle. A brief while since two girls were thus blown into the air, and were so instantaneously and utterly annihilated that not a particle of their bodies or of their clothing could be recognized; and all the while the sea-gulls were circling, and the waves leaping, and the clouds sailing, and deep calling to deep, "Lo! behold the devil and all his works!" And there is no devil there at all except man—man who makes money out of this fell thing which blasts the beauties of nature, and scars the faces of the hills, and has made possible to civilization a fashion of wholesale assassination so horrible, so craven, and so treacherous that the boldness of open murder seems almost virtue beside it.

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The manufactory of nitro-glycerine on the Arran shore is the emblem of the world which calls itself Christian. No doubt the canny Scots who are enriched by it go to their kirk religiously, are elders of it very likely, and if they saw a boy trundle a hoop or a girl use a needle on the Sabbath day, would think they saw a crime, and would summon and chastise the sinners. Pontius Pilate was afraid and ashamed when he had condemned an innocent man; but the modern followers of Christ have neither fear nor shame when they pile up gold on gold in their bankers' cellars through the death which they have manufactured and sold, indifferent though it should strike down a thousand innocent men.

Even of death Christianity has made a terror which was unknown to the gay calmness of the Pagan and the stoical repose of the Indian. Never has death been the cause of such craven timidity as in the Christian world, to which, if Christians believed any part of what they profess, it would be the harbinger of glad tidings, the welcome messenger of a more perfect life. To visionaries like Catherine of Siena it may have been so at times, but to the masses of men and women professing the Christian faith death has been and is the King of Terrors, from whose approach they cower in an agony which Petronius Arbiter would have ridiculed and Socrates and Seneca have scorned. The Greek and the Latin gave dignity to death, and awaited it with philosophy and peace; but the Christian beholds in it innumerable fears like a child's terror of ghosts in darkness, and by the manner of the funeral rites with which he celebrates it contrives to make grotesque even that mute majesty which rests with the dead slave as much as with the dead emperor.

Christianity has been cruel in much to the human race. It has quenched much of the sweet joy and gladness of life; it has caused the natural passions and affections of it to be held as sins; by its teaching that the body should be despised it has brought on all the unnamable filth which was made a virtue in the monastic orders, and which in the Italian, the Spanish, the Russian peoples and the poor of all nations is a cherished and indestructible habit. In its permission to man to lay subject to him all other living creatures of the earth it conjoined the cruelty of the barbarian and of the pagan, and endowed it with what appeared a divine authority—an authority which science, despising Christianity, has yet not been ashamed to borrow and to use.

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Let us endeavor to realize the unutterable torments endured by men and maidens in their efforts to subdue the natural desires of their senses and their affections to the unnatural celibacy of the cloister, and we shall see that the tortures inflicted by Christianity have been more cruel than the cruelties of death. Christianity ever has been the enemy of human love; it forever cursed and expelled and crucified the one passion which sweetens and smiles on human life, which makes the desert blossom as the rose, and which glorifies the common things and common ways of earth. It made of this, the angel of life, a shape of sin and darkness, and bade the woman whose lips were warm with the first kisses of her lover believe herself accursed and ashamed. Even in the unions which it reluctantly permitted, it degraded and dwarfed the passion which it could not entirely exclude, and permitted it coarsely to exist for the mere necessity of procreation. The words of the Christian nuptial service expressly say so. Love, the winged god of the immortals, became, in the Christian creed, a thrice-damned and earth-bound devil, to be exorcised and loathed. This has been the greatest injury that Christianity has ever done to the human race. Love, the one supreme, unceasing source of human felicity, the one sole joy which lifts the whole mortal existence into the empyrean, was by it degraded into the mere mechanical action of reproduction. It cut the wings of Eros. Man, believing that he must no longer love his mistress, woman, believing that she must no longer love her lover, loved themselves, and from the cloisters and from the churches there arose a bitter, joyless, narrow, apprehensive passion which believed itself to be religion, but was in truth only a form of concentrated egotism, the agonized desire to be "saved," to ascend into the highest heaven, let who else would wait without its doors or pine in hell. The influence of this is still with the world, and will long be with it; and its echo is still loud in the sibilant voices which hiss at the poet who sings and the poet who glorifies love.

And herein we approach that spurious off spring of Christianity which is called cant.

Other religions have not been without it. The Mosaic law had the Pharisee, who for a pretence made long prayers. The Greek and the Latin had those who made oblations to the gods for mere show, and augurs who served the sacred altars with their

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tongue in their cheek. But from Christianity, alas! has arisen and spread a systematic hypocrisy more general, more complete, more vain, more victorious than any other. The forms of the Christian religion facilitate this. Whether in the Catholic form of it, which cleanses the sinner in the confessional that he may go forth and sin again freely, or in the Protestant form, which, so long as a man listens to sermons and kneels at sacraments, does not disturb him as to the tenor of his private life, the Christian religion says, practically, to all its professors: "Wear my livery and assemble in my courts; I ask no more of you in return for the moral reputation which I will give to you."

Its lip-service and its empty rites have made it the easiest of all tasks for the usurer to cloak his cruelties, the miser to hide his avarice, the lawyer to condone his lies, the sinner of all social sins to purchase social immunity from them by outward deference to the churches.

The Christian religion, outwardly and even in intention humble, does, without meaning it, teach man to regard himself as the most important of all created things. Man surveys the starry heavens and hears with his ears of the plurality of worlds; yet his religion bids him believe that his alone out of these innumerable spheres is the object of his master's love and sacrifice. To save his world—whose common multitudes can be no more in the scale of creation than the billions of insects that build up a coral-reef beneath the deep sea—he is told that God himself took human shape, underwent human birth, was fed with human food, and suffered human pains. It is intelligible that, believing this, the most arrogant self-conceit has puffed up the human crowd, and that with the most cruel indifference they have sacrificed to themselves all the countless suffering multitudes which they are taught to call "the beasts which perish." It is this selfishness and self-esteem which, fostered in the human race by Christianity, have far outweighed and overborne the humility which its doctrines in part strove to inculcate and the mercy which they advocated.

It is in vain that the human race is bidden to believe that its Creator cares for the lilies of the field and for the birds of the air: it is the human race alone for which God has suffered and died, and this solitary selection, this immense supremacy, make it semi-divine in its own sight. It is the leaven of egotism begotten by the Christian creed which has neutralized the purity

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and the influence of its teachings. Here and there saintly men and women have been guided by it solely in the ways of holiness and unselfishness; but the great majority of mankind has drawn from it chiefly two lessons—self-concentration and socialism. "Rock of ages, cleft for *me*," sighs the Christian; and this "immense Me" is, as Emerson has said of it, the centre of the universe in the belief of the unconscious egotist.

Christians repeat like a parrot's recitative the phrase that no sparrow falls uncounted by its Creator, and they go to their crops and scatter poison, or load fowling-pieces with small shot, to destroy hundreds of sparrows in a morning. If they believed that their God saw the little birds of the air fall, would they dare to do it? Of course they would not; but they do not believe: it only suits them to use their formula, and they are never prevented by it from strewing poison or setting traps.

Behold their priests taking on themselves the vows of poverty, of chastity, and of renunciation, and whether they be the Catholic cardinal, stately, luxurious, and arrogant, or whether they be the Protestant bishop, with his liveried servants, his dinner parties, and his church patronage, what can we see more widely removed in unlikeness from all the precepts of the creed which they profess to obey? What fiercer polemics ever rage than those which wrangle about the body of religion? What judge would not be thought a madman who should from the bench counsel the man who has received a blow to bear it in meekness and turn the other cheek? What missionary would be excused for leaving his wife and children chargeable on parish rates because he pointed to the injunction to leave all that he had and follow Christ?

What attempt on the part of any community to put the precepts of Christianity into practical observance would not cause them to be denounced to magistrates as communists, as anarchists, as moonstruck dreamers, as lunatics? There are sects in Russia which endeavor to do so, and the police hunt them down like wild animals. They are only logically trying to carry out the precepts of the gospels, but they are regarded therefore as dangerous lunatics. They can have no place in the conventional civilization of the world. What judge who should tell the two litigants in any lawsuit concerning property that they were violating every religious duty in wrangling with each other about

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filthy lucre would not be deemed a fool, and worse? The French Republic, in tearing down from its courts of law and from its class-rooms the emblems of Christianity, has done a vulgar and unworthy act, offensive to a great portion of the nation; but it may be doubted if this act be not more consistent and logical than the acts of those nations who open their tribunals with rites of reverence towards a creed with which the whole legislature governing these tribunals is in entire and militant contradiction. "Religion is one thing; law is another," said a lawyer once to whom this strange discrepancy was commented on; but so long as law is founded on assumptions and principles wholly in violence with those of religion, how can such religion be called the religion of the state? It is as absurd a discrepancy as that with which the Italian nation, calling itself Catholic, drove out thousands of Catholic monks and Catholic nuns from their religious houses and seized their possessions by the force of the secular arm. It is not here the question whether the suppression of the male and female monastic orders was or was not right or necessary: what is certain is that the state enforcing this suppression can with no shadow of sense or of logic continue to call itself a Catholic state; as it still does call itself in the person of its king and in its public decrees.

How is it to be accounted for—this impotence of Christianity to affect the policies, politics, legislation, and general life of the nations which think their salvation lies in the profession of its creed? How is it that a religion avowedly making peace and long suffering of injury the corner-stone of its temple has had as its principal outcome war—both the fanaticism of religious war and the avarice of civil war; a legislation founded on the *lex talionis* and inexorable in its adherence to that; and a commerce which all the world over is saturated with the base desire to overreach, outwit, and outstrip all competitors?

Perhaps it is partly because the Jewish laws enter largely into the creeds of modern Christians, and because even in the pure creeds of the evangelists there is much of egotism. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" "His own"—that throughout is to be the chief thought of his existence and its constant end. The greatest of the Christian martyrs were but sublime egotists. Their fortitude and constancy were already rewarded, in their belief, by every sweetness

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of celestial joys and glories. It may be doubted whether they even felt the scourge, the torch, the iron, or the rods, so intensely in their exaltation was their nervous system strung up to ecstasy. What could the poor offer of life seem worth to those who believed that by thus losing life they would enter at once and forever into the exquisite consciousness of a surpassing beatitude? An intense, though innocent, selfishness was at the root of all the martyrdoms of the early Christian Church. There was not one amongst them which approached for unselfishness the death of Antinous. And it is surely this egotism which is an integral part of the Christian creed that has been at once its strength and its weakness—its strength in giving it dominion over human nature, and its weakness in allying it with baser things. The alloy has made the gold more workable, but has destroyed its purity.

Meanwhile, although the majority of Christian nations profess the Christian faith more or less sincerely, and give it at least the homage of hypocrisy, all the intellectual life of the world is leaving its folds without concealment. There is in its stead either the hard and soulless materialism of the scientist, or the sad, vague pantheism and pessimism of the scholar and the poet. Neither will ever suffice for the mass of mankind in general. The purely imaginative and intellectual mind can be content to wait before the immense unexplained enigma of life; it accepts its mystery and sees the marvel of it in the changing cloud, the blossoming weed, the wistful eyes of the beasts of burden, as much as it sees it in humanity itself. To such a mind the calmness and sadness of patience and the kind of universal divinity which it finds in nature can suffice; and to it the complacent conceit of science over the discovery of a new poison or a hitherto unsuspected action of the biliary duct in mammals must seem as childish and as narrow as the belief in the creeds of the Papist, the Evangelical, or the Baptist. It is the only attitude which is at once philosophic and spiritual; but it must ever remain the privilege of the few; it can never be the possession of the multitude. The multitude will be forever cast into the arms of science or of faith, either of which will alike flatter it with the assurance that it is the chief glory of creation, before which all the rest of creation is bound to lie subject in bonds and pain.

And it is this selfishness and self-admiration which have neutralized in man the good which he should have gained from the

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Sermon on the Mount. A religion which is founded on the desire of men to attain eternal felicity will be naturally seductive to them, but the keynote of its motive power can never be a lofty one. The jewelled streets of the New Jerusalem are not more luxuriously dreamed of than the houris of the Mohammedan paradise. Each form of celestial recompense is anticipated as reward for devotion to a creed. And as all loyalty, all loveliness, all virtue *pêchant par la base* when they are founded on the expectation of personal gain, so the Christian religion has contained the radical defect of inciting its followers to obedience and faithfulness by a bribe—a grand bribe, truly—nothing less than eternal life; such life as the soul of man cannot even conceive; but still a bribe. Therefore Christianity has been powerless to enforce its own ethics on the world in the essence of their spirit, and has been perforce contented with hearing it recite its formulas.

What will be its future? There is no prophet of vision keen enough to behold. The intellect of mankind is every year forsaking it more utterly, and the ever-increasing luxury which is possible with riches, and the ever-increasing materialism of all kinds of life into which mechanical labor enters, are forces which every year drive the multitudes farther and farther from its primitive tenets. In a small and a poor community Christianity may be a creed possible in its practical realization and consistent in its simplicity of existence; but in the mad world of modern life, with its overwhelming wealth and its overwhelming poverty, with its horrible satiety and its horrible hunger, with its fiendish greed and its ghastly crimes, its endless lusts and its cruel bitterness of hatreds, Christianity can only be one of two things —either a nullity, as it is now in all national life, or a dynamic force allied with and ruling through socialism.

Which will it be? There is no prophet to say. But whichever it be, there will be that in its future which, could he have foreseen it when he hung upon the cross, would have been more bitter to its founder than the vinegar and hyssop raised to his parching lips, and more cruel to his tender soul than the thorns wherewith his enemies crowned him.

OUIDA.

THE foregoing essay from the pen of Ouida is of a rather remarkable kind. Remarkable for its power and point from an

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artistic point of view; in some passages for its picturesque humor and ring. Divested, however, of these external beauties, the essay is absolutely powerless from a logical stand-point. Ouida hopelessly confuses the Christianity of Christ and the gospels, which is the only religion that has the least vestige of a right to use the name of Christ, with the mongrel profession which the so-called Christian world has comfortably adapted to its own purposes. This, and this only, is the "Christianity" of whose influence the artistic Ouida writes. Her criticisms, her stinging satire, her indignation as a passionate humanitarian, in not the least degree affect or wound the religion of Jesus, or touch the position of his disciples. The writer of these words would denounce as willingly as Ouida the influence of the Christianity which she assails. As, however, Ouida, without the least dishonesty of purpose we must hope, so blinds the mind of the ordinary reader by her attempted fusion of the false and the real, it will be useful to deal with her words in such wise as to assist the reader to a disentanglement.

We have said advisedly that we hope Ouida writes "without the least dishonesty of purpose" respecting the influence of Christianity, for this reason,—that we are convinced by the whole tenor of her essay that she has not the very faintest shadow of an idea of what "Christianity" actually and practically is. Were she not thus hopelessly ignorant, she would be recklessly dishonest.

In the first paragraph of the essay in question we are told in the most quiet way imaginable: "In some shape or other its doctrines dominate the *whole* of Europe and America and Australasia." Our Lord Jesus Christ and his apostles never proposed to themselves the task or object of "dominating" the world, or any part of it, in this dispensation. They simply and only proposed to call out *from* all nations, by the preaching of the gospel and by the power of the Holy Ghost alone, a people willingly separated unto God by an individual acceptance of Christ, by a personal trust in his promises and in his finished redemption of the cross. "Ye are not of the world; I have chosen you out of the world," says the Christ to his disciples, by the power of the Holy Ghost when the gospel is preached. "God visits the Gentiles to take out of them a people for his name." "The friendship of the world is enmity with God." "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye

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[Christians] transformed by the renewing of your mind." "If any man *be* in Christ [*i. e.* a Christian], he is a new creature."

Thus do neither Christians nor Christianity "dominate," or attempt to "dominate," any part of the world. Their mission is to call out a willing, rejoicing, enfranchised people "*from* the world," and of them to form a magnificent cosmopolitan fraternity of liberty and love. This people is "*in* the world, but *not of* it." These disciples of Jesus may be found in all the various sects and church organizations of so-called Christendom. Their personal faith in an ever-present Saviour at their side "dominates" their hearts and lives, and interpenetrates the least and largest actions of their daily life. They are the witnesses of Jesus; they are his representatives to the restless, peaceless world around them. The world itself "takes knowledge of them that they have been with Jesus," and they themselves confess, "I live, yet not I; Christ liveth in me."

We dwell thus profusely upon this fundamental mistake in the first paragraph of Ouida's paper because, by doing so, we, on the threshold of our subject, show the fallacy that underlies the whole effort of our artist's pen.

Before parting with this first paragraph we must call attention to the outspoken confession respecting Judaism as "inexorably potent on the Jewish tribes." Ouida evidently sees and acknowledges the magnificent and unique phenomenon which the Jewish race thus ethnologically presents, inviting the analysis of the world. Every phenomenon has a cause. The greater the phenomenon, the greater, correspondingly, will be the cause. The Jew holds in his hands his history. In that history this cause of his phenomenal existence is distinctly and with the clearest minuteness described. He did not write this history himself; it is a stream from a fountain that burst forth 4,000 years ago amid the Mesopotamian plains. Abraham, the founder of the race, declared that the Creator of the universe called him forth from all the families of men, and spoke these words to him: "By myself have I sworn that in blessing I will bless thee, and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed." For 2,000 years this race held the little plot of our globe where Europe, Asia, and Africa conjoined. Babylonian, Assyrian, Egyptian, Syrian, Greek, strove to annihilate this race in vain. A power of all might made this race indestructible.

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Shall we startle Ouida or the eyes that scan these lines? It was the influence of Christianity. It was the Christ-idea. It was the power of God. But when the mystic race of Abraham had produced the Christ and crucified him, that which all the empires of earth had striven and failed to do, the Roman hosts of Titus and Vespasian accomplished to the full. The Jewish race had finished the *first part* of their mission to humanity; they had given the Christ and his salvation to all the nations, that all amongst the families of men who would accept the blessing promised to Abraham might be saved. And behold the gospel goes forth from Palestine to all the peoples of our earth; and the Jews, unwilling witnesses though they be, themselves are scattered through the world with their history in their hands to prove the fact—Christianity is no myth! Its influence and power are *unique*, and consequently divine! We thank God that he forces Ouida, *et hoc genus omne*, to gaze upon Judaism and confess its "inexorably potent" might. Judaism is divine; it cannot be destroyed until the church of Jesus has been gathered, and the Jewish race restored, according to God's promises by the prophets, to Palestine, there to await and welcome their own Messiah king. There, at his second coming, he shall reign in righteousness, and the influence of Christianity shall "dominate" the world. That their restoration shall be a universal blessing St. Paul declares (Romans, xi., 15): "If the casting-away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead?" The second part of their magnificent mission to the nations shall then begin.

After her confession respecting Judaism, the cradle from which Christianity arose, our author confesses even of the Christianity which she assails: "To live and spread as it has done, Christianity must have some vital force within itself superior to those possessed by other creeds. It must be suited to the human race in some manner which the religion of Mohammed and [those (?)] of Israel have alike missed." Leaving the "religion of Israel" out of the question as one which was never intended or adapted, as we have shown, for any but Israel, we pass on to examine how Ouida answers her own statement respecting the strange vital force of Christianity so peculiar to itself. It is most inadequate and contradictory. In the sentence quoted she cannot by any possibility be speaking of the Christianity she assails, but of what we Christians call Chris-

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tianity, viz., the faith in and the following of the dearly-loved and trusted Christ, for she speaks of its inherent "vital force" superior to all other creeds. But of the Christianity she attacks, she says a few lines further on: "For of all absolutely powerless things on earth Christianity is the most powerless." Our author here either flatly contradicts herself in the most curious and barefaced manner, or she is speaking of a totally different "Christianity" from that which she asserts to be of such unique vital power. We must apologize for Ouida. She is confusing herself needlessly. The matter is very simple. Sham Christianity, she and we alike agree, is "powerless," but the true religion of Jesus Christ, to use her own words, "must have some vital force within itself superior to those possessed by other creeds." But now, in attempting to account for this "vital force within itself," Ouida becomes more than ever illogical, contradictory, and confused, and she reminds us forcibly of a man who has fallen into deep water and cannot swim. She says that this "vital force within itself has probably been due to the socialistic element contained in it." So that, after all, the "vital force" is not in the faith and life of Jesus, not *in Christianity* at all, but "probably" in "the socialistic element contained in it." To us this seems sheer contradictory nonsense.

Let us pursue Ouida still further in her flounderings in the deep waters. In the next paragraph she gives us a specimen of her "socialistic element" in Christianity, and so explains herself as to make one quite sorry for her. She seems to write at random, for the purpose of accumulating words to fill up her page anyhow. "The evangels are essentially the dream of a poor man; the vision of a peasant asleep after a day of toil. . . . 'Come unto me all ye who sorrow [it is labor] and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.' It is the invitation to the poor; not to the rich." We think that Ouida has here reached an apogee of —we really must say it—rubbish. And yet imagine the multitudes who thoughtlessly and readily swallow such fluent words from an eloquent pen. Is it really for one moment to be supposed that Jesus Christ, when he uttered this divine and powerful invitation to "the weary and heavy-laden," referred to peasants, tired by work in the fields, and with their spades and hoes and forks burdening their backs? Were it not irreverent, almost convulsive laughter would drown the sound of such eloquence

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as this. It is to the weary and heavy-laden of our race, tired of the restlessness and strife, the peacelessness of a sinful, hungry, and dying world, that Jesus himself is love and rest; is pardon and peace; is power and righteousness; is wisdom and light; is liberty and joy. And this offer, this welcome, are to all alike, peasant and prince, wealthy and poor, high and low, philosopher and little child, sinner and saint; all, all. "Whosoever will, let him come." "Come unto me; I will give you rest." He knew he could give it, and so he calls us, weary and heavy-laden in heart, in conscience, in intellect, in life. "Come unto me; I will give you rest." This he has given to *us* who trust him. As St. Paul has said, "We therefore which have believed do enter into rest."

After this it seems futile indeed to help Ouida out of her mazes of muddle, for when she goes on to slash right and left at her "Christianity," she seems like Don Quixote attacking most heroically the windmill. And Christianity has a "vital force" greater than all other creeds, and this "vital force" is "probably" its "socialistic element." This element is fairly represented in Jesus Christ's offer of "rest" to "weary" peasants and "heavy-laden" fishermen! Therefore it is most "absolutely powerless," "a shibboleth, a husk, a robe with no heart beating in it, a winged angel carved in dead wood." "Christianity," continues Ouida, "has opened the flood-gates to socialism." But Jesus says: "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." His apostle says: "Fear God; honor the king"; "Give honor to the king as supreme." After having declared that the religion of Jesus has a "vital force" superior to all other creeds, our author contradicts herself most mercilessly again in the next sentence we quote, where, speaking of Jesus as "the Buddha of Galilee," she says that he "has not one-thousandth part of the direct influence on his professional disciples that is possessed by the Buddha of India." Did Ouida know anything of the teaching of Gautama, and of the religious attitude of the Buddhism of to-day, even she would not have had the courage to pen a sentence so diametrically and profoundly opposed to fact. The disciples of Buddha Gautama, even the most orthodox Buddhists of to-day, the Cingalese yellow-robed ones, utterly repudiate the atheistic teachings of Gautama, and also are compelled to confess that of the five hundred millions

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of Buddhists now living, they are not aware of *one* who has attained to the salvation of Buddha—Nirvana. The Buddhists of to-day are no more Buddhists than Ouida is a Christian.

And now comes the question, Are there in existence any professing disciples of Jesus who not only adoringly believe all the Christian faith, but have found peace, joy, liberty, righteousness, grace, rest, satisfaction, salvation, by a God-inspired personal trust in Jesus as their all in all? From every tongue and tribe and nation countless multitudes, by their tongues and lives and actions, answer "Yes." The blessed season of Jesus's birth is illuminated with the brilliancy and the power of the love and life of Jesus. The glad Christmas chimes and songs from the echoing temples of Jesus throughout the world proclaim the gladness with which his birth has thrilled the hearts of men for 1,800 years. In hospitals, on countless beds of pain, in orphan homes, upon multitudes unnumbered of hungry and weary and lonely ones, the smile of the Christmas child has shone, and his birthday for the 1,890th time has banished their sadness and touched them with gladness untold. Loving eyes of the disciples of Jesus have looked the tenderness of the Child-God into their hearts, forcing them to Christmas smiles, and won their voices to join the glad yule-songs of love.

While the earth is ringing and thrilling with the joy of Bethlehem let us repeat again poor Ouida's words of weird untruth: "The Buddha of Galilee has not one-thousandth part of the direct influence on his professional disciples that is possessed by the Buddha of India." Could a million demons yell the lie in frantic chorus, the Christmas chimes, the carols from the hearts of men which "the Buddha of Galilee" has won, and in which he lives and reigns as prince of peace, would drown the discord in their sea of song.

To show the evil influence of *Christianity* upon men, Ouida instances a European who goes to church on Sunday and says, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," and then on Monday prosecutes a boy who stole a ball of string. We do not think that this and similar sentences need unravelment from us; but we refer to this sentence as characteristically curious and contradictory. Supposing, for argument's sake, it were well for the juvenile thief to go unpunished,—which may be certainly questioned,—is Christianity to be blamed for the

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sake of a man who repudiates its teaching and principles simply because he is permitted to enter her temples of worship? It is the same with the attacks upon Christianity which follow.

Here is a climax of rhetoric: "The manufactory of nitro-glycerine on the Arran shore is the emblem of the world that calls itself Christian." It may be, but it is not the emblem of Christianity or the result of its divine influence either. Ouida, watch at midnight by the dying beds of countless suffering brothers and sisters of our common family of man; watch and listen, too. For love of Jesus only, ministering hands are soothing the long, lonely hours of those nights of dying, and accents of tenderest sympathy are brightening with glad hope and calm the pain-filled weary ones. Ministering, patient love for the orphan, the destitute, the outcast,—unknown where Jesus is unknown too,—these are some few reflections of the influence of Christianity throughout every land of earth; no sea is too stormy or too wide to cross; no mountain pass too high to scale; no depth of misery and want, of woe and crime, too deep for the influence of Christianity to penetrate. The love and life of Jesus, his spirit and power, are the "vital force" of which you speak, which causes Christianity, as you yourself confess, to surpass all other creeds.

Our author must have one word of answer to a taunt she flings all recklessly at the religion of Jesus in the matter of human love. "Christianity ever has been the enemy of human love; it forever cursed and expelled and crucified the one passion which sweetens and smiles on human life. . . . It made of this, the angel of life, a shape of sin and darkness, and bade the woman whose lips were warm with the first kisses of her lover believe herself accursed and ashamed." A more desperate slash of base ingratitude and untruth was surely never penned. What power was it that produced the spectacle of our countless pure and lovely homes in England and America and other lands? What influence was it that dawned on the Greek and Roman world and rendered almost impossible in civilized society such scenes as the "Satires" of Juvenal or the works of Plato portray? that elevated women and human love to a platform almost divine? Was it not the word and spirit of him who at the Cana nuptials gave them wine from water, and stamped with his presence the highest benediction on human love? But, listen, Ouida, listen. Is it simple

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lust, not love, of which you speak—degrading, bestial, cruel lust, that gloats upon, then tramples down, the weak and trusting to a very hell on earth? Ah! then 'tis true Christianity is enemy to this, for very love of love itself, which is from God. Lust never sweetened human life, but ever marred its loveliness. Is lust "the angel of life"? Nay, rather, it is the angel of a living death; the woe that saturates the generations of our race. Love is of God; lust dares to desecrate it, and call itself by its fair name; but lust wears out at last,—love never,—and leaves its cursed brand upon the soul and brow of the heartless profligate, man and woman too, leaving only the burning memories of a peaceless life to follow the wretched slave of lust to a gloomy grave.

We could add numberless other wild untruths from our author's essay, flung with flippant carelessness at the religion of Jesus. Christianity, says Ouida, "has brought on all the unnamable filth which was made a virtue in the monastic orders." By any honest-minded opponent of Christ's religion, such a charge as this would be regarded as not only false, but absurd. Any monastery, or any other professedly-Christian abode, where "unnamable" or namable "filth" was "made a virtue," would not have the faintest claim to the name of Christ, who bids his disciples to resist the impure thought and gives them grace to do so. We ourselves know of men, and women too, once captives of impurity, who now, by a living trust in Jesus, have gained the liberty of soul that springs from purity and blesses humanity.

"Krupp guns, shrapnel shells, nitro-glycerine, and submarine torpedoes are the practical issues of evangelicism all over the civilized world." Reader, where and from whom, think you, were these strange words born? You answer, "In the dangerous wards of a mad-house." No. From Ouida in her writing-room, calmly composing an article for THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Her opinion of American readers, unless she is mad herself, must be of a strange texture indeed, or she surely would scarce have penned a sentence so insane. She might with equal logic and force declare that she and her novels, which American ladies call "obscene," are the "practical issues" of the gospel of Jesus, who enjoins us to "put up the sword into the sheath," and who by his prophet declares that when he shall come to reign, and "the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters

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cover the seas, the nations shall not learn war any more"; "they shall beat their swords into plough-shares and their spears into pruning-hooks."

Another sentence from the laboratory of our authoress: "But of mercy, of pity, of forbearance, of true self-sacrifice, what has it [Christianity] ever taught the world?" Shall we even condescend to answer such a query as this? Does not every page of the spiritual history of the gospel's progress through the ages bristle with many of Christ's disciples who have been instruments of mercy, pity, self-sacrifice, and tenderness, in the midst of an aching, restless, and pain-filled world? Ouida, on your right hand and on your left, let Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale reply to your query for Christian women in the century of *your* day; for Christian men let Gordon answer, and Father Damien too. These are but representative and historic names of our century. There are vast multitudes behind them of Christian men and women, who have worked and are working their lives away for love of Jesus, *in mercy, pity, forbearance, and true self-sacrifice*, unknown, unpraised, except by Jesus, and the suffering ones to whom and for whom in his dear name they minister. Amid the dangers of the battlefields of earth, gentle sisters, brave, patient priests, are ministering bodily and spiritual consolations to the wounded and the dying. In fever-haunted slums and cholera-beset cities, the disciples of Jesus tend the deserted sufferers. The pity of the Christ and his infinite compassion are the nurse and the watcher to-day by the side of humanity's sorrow and pain, and all through the changing years the influence of Christianity is the soother, the healer, the friend.

"Even of death Christianity has made a terror which was unknown to the gay calmness of the Pagan and the stoical repose of the Indian." Has Ouida watched the *Christian* die? Has she seen the soul that trusts in Jesus, who is his disciple, stand by the Jordan brink, waiting for the parting of the waters? We have seen Christians, old and young, rich and poor, learned and simple, there; the patient gladness, the joyful waiting, the calm assurance in a Saviour's love, and, shall we add?—ah yes, we will—the testimony of their dying lips to visions of angels, and of Jesus in his glory, with smiles of radiant welcome to the child of his salvation. So frequent, so common, are scenes like these that it seems but needless to repeat them. "O grave, where is thy

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victory? O death, where is thy sting?" is the dying whisper of gladness on the breath of the pilgrim of Zion as he nears the ending of his exile time. Christianity, by its revelation of the consequences of sin, does cast an awful terror, which the ignorance of the Indian veiled, over the dying hour of the obstinate sinner who deliberately rejects the pardoning love and saving grace of God in his son, Jesus Christ, and in the power of his enlightening spirit of truth. Thus the influence of Christianity by the sinner's dying bed gives the last warning of a saving fear, to win the sinner to the waiting-to-be-gracious one.

Ouida tells us that cant and conceit are two of the children that Christianity has produced, and she proves her statement by saying that Christianity cleanses the sinner "in the confessional that he may go forth and sin again freely," and that the man who, "in the Protestant form," "listens to sermons and kneels at sacraments," need not be disturbed "as to the tenor of his private life." We reply: This is the very exact opposite of what Christianity teaches Catholic and Protestant alike. It would be well for Ouida to give chapter and verse to prove the truth of this atrocious statement from any Catholic or Protestant authority, or apologize to her readers for so grossly insulting them by such daring words of falseness, clothed alone in robes of alluring rhetorical flourish, and, at all events, *literary* "cant."

And Christianity produces "conceit"—how? By teaching man that he alone "out of these innumerable spheres is the object of his master's love and sacrifice"; that "the common multitudes [of men] can be no more in the scale of creation than the billions of insects"; that "God himself took human shape, underwent human birth, was fed with human food, and suffered human pains. It is intelligible that, believing this, the most arrogant self-conceit has puffed up the human crowd, and that with the most cruel indifference they have sacrificed to themselves all the countless suffering multitudes which they are taught to call 'the beasts which perish.' It is this selfishness and self-esteem" which have been "fostered in the human race by Christianity." We have reproduced this passage in order to give Ouida fair play on this point, and to place our readers in possession of her unique opinion that a man and an insect are in one and the same scale on the platform of creation! And if a Bacon, or a Sir Isaac Newton, or a Washington imagines that he is any better than a cockroach

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or a spider, "Christianity" is to be denounced for inculcating "this selfishness and self-esteem"!

Where Ouida obtained her authority for asserting that Christianity teaches man that he *alone* "out of the these innumerable spheres is the object of his master's love and sacrifice," we do not know; it would have been better if she had given chapter and verse for her statement. Christianity teaches that "God's mercy is over *all* his works," from the most resplendent sun in the "milky way" to the tiniest being on our little planet. The ant storing its food proves this love. If any other world besides our own needs redemption, Christianity teaches us, by inference, that the love of Jesus would reach its need as well as ours.

"The great majority of mankind has drawn from it [Christianity] chiefly two lessons—self-concentration and socialism. 'Rock of ages, cleft for *me*,' sighs the Christian." The reader must form his own conclusion as to the point of argument contained in this lucid association of ideas. We cannot help him.

There is a strong point made by Ouida towards the close of her essay, and it is this: she rightly calls the attention of the reader to the following "absurd discrepancy": "The Italian nation, calling itself Catholic, drove out thousands of Catholic monks and Catholic nuns from their religious houses and seized their possessions by the force of the secular arm." The only explanation is that the Italian government may *call* itself "Catholic" without being so; and, by its action in breaking up religious houses, it proves itself to be, not what it *calls* itself, but what it *is*—non-Catholic as well as non-Christian. It has only recently apotheosized publicly a noted leader of so-called free-thought, of not many generations past.

The two final paragraphs of Ouida's essay are really fine. There seems a ring of true enthusiasm in her closing tones. But, alas! the confusion in her mind respecting Christianity, spurious and true, is clearly revealed to the last.

May it be that our words, poor as they are and unlike her own, destitute of the music of her rhetoric, the melody of her wild sentences of storm, may yet open her mind to the fact that there is in the world of to-day a Christianity vital and true! that this Christianity is satisfying and resting the weary and heavy-laden ones of our still hungering and tired race! It consists in a simple trust in the living Christ, which trust takes hold of his

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strength, and enables his believing disciple to follow his example and to become a messenger of light and liberty, of mercy and rest, to those who are hurrying restlessly on along their time-life to the tomb and the great eternity beyond.

The toil of time, the fever of fame, the pleasures of passion, are slowly, but surely, for us and for Ouida, ebbing and waning away. When she and we are standing at last upon the eternal shore, whence the tide of time is receding for us forever, may she and we rejoice in the embrace of the everlasting arms of our welcoming and glorious Lord, to realize forever that he is to us "the way, the truth, and the life"!

IGNATIUS, O. S. B.
(Monk.)

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THE DEPOSITION OF MR. PARNELL.

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY, M. P.

THE cause of home rule for Ireland appeared during all the earlier and most even of the latter part of the last year to be moving on from steady success after success to a soon and complete triumph. The whole object of years of deliberate obstruction and also of deliberate self-sacrifice seemed to have been accomplished. The attention of the public of Great Britain had been aroused to the Irish claims. The democracy of England, Scotland, and Wales had been brought into cordial alliance with the Irish Home-Rulers. The whole Liberal party had made home rule the foremost plank in their platform. Mr. Gladstone had proclaimed it everywhere that the rest of his splendid political career was to be given up to the carrying of home rule. Victory after victory at the bye-elections had shown that the constituencies of Great Britain everywhere were won round to the home-rule cause. There was not a reasonable man on either side of the field who did not feel quite satisfied that the result of the next general elections would be to bring into power a government pledged first of all to home rule. The Irish Parliamentary party were acclaimed by everybody as an example of discipline and unity never seen before in any of the constitutional struggles of Europe.

The change was sudden. The Irish Parliamentary party is split in two,—the small minority following Mr. Parnell; the majority having formally deposed him from his place as leader. The Tories are triumphant and exultant. The Liberals, who were longing two months ago for a general election, now pour forth fervent, although mostly silent, prayers that the dissolution may be long postponed. *The Times* newspaper praises Mr. Parnell, and says the cause of home rule is dead and buried, for our generation at all events. I do not remember any such sudden catas-

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trophe of change taking place in the fortunes of a man, a political party, and a national movement.

In the comments I have to offer it will naturally be assumed that I am putting merely the case for the majority of the Irish Parliamentary party—for the men who have by their votes and their voices deposed Mr. Parnell from that position of Parliamentary leadership which he had held so long and in which he had rendered so much service to his country. I say frankly that the assumption is quite correct: all I propose to do is to state to the best of my power the case for the majority of the Irish party. It is my firm conviction that the majority of the party acted wisely and patriotically; and not only patriotically and wisely, but also consistently. I say this with full recollection and recognition of the fact that we reëlected Mr. Parnell to the leadership of the party on the day of the opening of Parliament, November 25, and that the majority set on foot a meeting of the party for his deposition a day or two after.

Let us follow the process of events. The trial of the O'Shea divorce case came on a few days before the meeting of Parliament. To the surprise of almost every one, the case was undefended. What was the Irish Parliamentary party to do? Were its members to throw over a leader who had rendered them splendid service merely because an action in the divorce court had been allowed to go undefended against him? I say at once that I do not think the Irish party were bound to make on such grounds any such sacrifice. We were all the less inclined to make it because of the coarse and savage way in which certain writers and preachers in England broke into rabid denunciations not only of Mr. Parnell, but of the men who were associated with him, and even of the country which had given him birth. To read some of these leading articles and these sermons, one might have supposed that Mr. Parnell had invented the sin of adultery and had poisoned with it a previously sound and sinless world. One might have supposed, too, that the Irish people were the only people who had ever consented to be led by any but a Sir Galahad.

But as the days went on it began to be more and more evident that the outcry against Mr. Parnell was something much more serious than the mere scream of hysterical prudery. To some of us it soon became apparent that if Mr. Parnell continued to be the leader of the Irish Parliamentary party, the cause of home

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rule would be put in grievous danger. Now, I am an absolute believer in the necessity of recognizing and taking full account of forces in every political movement. I am not for wasting breath in declaiming about them or against them. I was not concerned, as many were, to raise the question whether a man's private character must be unsullied if he is to remain a political leader. I was not concerned in the speculation whether there were or were not men in leading places in the House of Commons whose private lives would not bear the scrutiny of the White-Ribbon Association. The great fact which concerned me was the fact of which I was becoming more and more conscious, that public opinion in these countries would not stand Mr. Parnell. Yet I must own that I was prepared to run some risk even to the cause and the country for the sake of a leader who had led us on to so many triumphs.

On Monday, November 24, the day before the opening of Parliament, I received a letter telling me that Mr. Gladstone would be coming to London that day and would wish to see me. I saw him, and he laid before me his views as to the effect of Mr. Parnell's continued leadership. These views were, as everybody now knows, that under such conditions it would be impossible for us to carry the next general elections, and that therefore home rule was gone for years—perhaps for a generation. Mr. Gladstone told me that under such circumstances he could have no hope of carrying home rule for us; that he could not expect such a prolongation of his life as would enable him to see the final victory. The loss of the general elections would mean, he pointed out, the postponement of home rule for at least the length of one Parliament—that is, for five or six years—and perhaps for much more. He told me he had been expecting some personal communication from Mr. Parnell. Why? Because he had any right to assume that Mr. Parnell was bound to communicate with him? Not at all; but because in 1882 after the murders in the Phœnix Park—at a time when Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell were political enemies, and not political allies—Mr. Parnell wrote to him offering to retire from public life if Mr. Gladstone thought such a step would be of advantage to the cause of Ireland. Mr. Gladstone asked me if I knew whether he was likely to receive any such communication now. I could only say that I knew nothing whatever on the subject. Then he asked me to communicate his

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view of the situation to Mr. Parnell, and, if necessary, to my colleagues of the Irish party.

Even still, I frankly own, I did not think the actual deposition of Mr. Parnell was necessary. Mr. Gladstone said nothing to me which led me to believe that he contemplated resigning the position of Liberal leader in the event of Mr. Parnell's persisting in the leadership of the Irish party. I presume that Mr. Gladstone had not then made up his mind to any such course. Therefore all that I had present in my mind was Mr. Gladstone's conviction that, if Mr. Parnell remained, the general elections would be lost. I still thought that the situation might be retrieved without the formal deposition of Mr. Parnell; that Mr. Parnell might be reëlected if he desired it, and might keep out of public life for a time, and that things might yet go well with us. Mr. Parnell, in full possession of all that Mr. Gladstone had told me, still declared that he would offer himself for reëlection as sessional chairman of the party. It is our custom to elect all our officers at the opening of every session, and we could not put off or delay the decision. We reëlected Mr. Parnell. My first serious doubt as to the wisdom of the course we had taken was called up in my mind when, to my great surprise, I saw Mr. Parnell enter the House of Commons—the debating chamber itself—and take his seat in his familiar place just as if nothing whatever had happened.

This was the day of the opening of Parliament. On the evening of that day we heard some rumor that Mr. Gladstone was about to issue a letter announcing his intention of retiring from the leadership of the Liberal party. We found, after some hurried inquiry, that this was true, and that the letter had been read to Mr. Parnell by Mr. John Morley—after the meeting of our party and the reëlection of all the officers. Then we found ourselves confronted with a new condition of things. No man in his senses could believe in the possibility of a speedy success for home rule without Mr. Gladstone as leader of the Liberal party. It is beyond all question that Mr. Gladstone's personal influence has been needed and taxed to the full to carry with him some of his influential colleagues on this question of home rule. Men like Lord Spencer, John Morley, Shaw Lefevre, Stansfeld, and others are, of course, convinced and ardent Home-Rulers; but there are others who have accepted home rule simply because Gladstone said it was right. Now, we might "resolute till the

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cows come home," but we could not carry home rule in the English Parliament without the help of one of the great English Parliamentary parties.

Mr. Parnell has lately compared himself to Wellington and Washington and other great soldiers and conquerors. Washington and Wellington were very great men, but neither of them could have carried his cause to victory without the aid of certain numbers of men to do the fighting. If we of the Irish party had absolutely the whole Irish representation, that of the University of Dublin included, in our hands, we should still be but a miserable minority in the British Parliament. One might as well tell Washington and Wellington to go in and win without cannon, bayonets, and powder as tell an Irish Parliamentary party to go in and win home rule without the votes of either Liberals or Conservatives.

After years and years of a policy specially designed and conducted to that end, we had won over the support of the great Liberal party of England, Scotland, and Wales. We had won over to our side the greatest Parliamentary orator, the most influential Parliamentary leader, of our time. More than that, we had had to surrender in our desperate struggle all the weapons by which we had been enabled to make the struggle effective. We went in for the rousing-up of the people—above all, the democracy—of Great Britain. We had faith in our cause. We believed that, if we could only obtain a hearing for that cause, it must succeed. We resolved to make England hear it; and our only possible platform for such a purpose was the House of Commons. Therefore we started our policy of obstruction. We said, If Parliament and the English people will not hear us, they shall hear nothing else. We succeeded—we compelled a hearing—and the hearing compelled conviction. But we had to sacrifice our weapon of obstruction. Parliament took fright at the use we had made of it, and abolished the rules and forms which enabled a small, a numerically-insignificant, minority to hold the immense majority at bay. Never again can a small party in the House of Commons do the work that we once did.

Therefore, when we heard that Mr. Gladstone believed he could do nothing more for us, and must give up the fight, we at once called to mind the fact that it was for us not merely the going-back to the position of ten years ago, but the going to a

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very much worse and weaker position. We felt that we should be like poor Hector when he has allowed himself to be deprived of his sword and armor, and is confronted with the enemy whom under the very best of conditions he could scarcely hope to master. Still we did not think of absolutely deposing Mr. Parnell. We desired to confer with him upon the actual facts. We desired to hear from him what, under these new conditions, he deliberately proposed to do. We assumed that any patriotic man would have said under the circumstances: "I will not stand in the way. If my leadership threatens to be fatal to the present chances of home rule, I will at once withdraw from a position in which I can only be a peril to my country." Therefore we summoned by formal requisition a meeting of the party—summoned it after the regular and ordinary fashion—in order that a resolution might be proposed which invited Mr. Parnell simply to reconsider his position. We hoped even still that he would be a help to us, and not a hindrance.

Now, the policy of Mr. Gladstone in issuing his letter has been much criticised in Ireland. It was precipitate, some people say; he might on a question of such great importance have more fully consulted Irish opinion before he made up his mind. I am not much concerned to argue or to enter on this dispute. I have, as a party man, nothing to do with it. If Achilles determines to withdraw from the fight, the one fact which concerns me, a poor ally of the Greeks, is that Achilles is withdrawing from the fight and that we must see whether we can get on without him or not. It will be of some historic interest years hence to consider whether Mr. Gladstone might not well have given us a little more time. But at the moment, and even still, that did not seem to me a matter to make much talk about. I do not deny that it might properly occupy the attention of those who were mere outsiders and lookers-on; but I say that we who were in the fight had little or nothing to do with it. What we had to face was the fact that Mr. Gladstone had made up his mind under certain conditions to withdraw from public life. I may say, however, that I fully believe Mr. Gladstone had no alternative. Strong as he is in the affections of his people, he could not have stood up against the storm of public opinion if he had endeavored to continue in alliance with Mr. Parnell.

Mr. Parnell soon made it quite clear that he was determined

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not to resign. I need not refer at any length to the early struggles in committee-room No. 15, or to the futile negotiations in which Mr. Parnell induced us to engage. The one great central fact of the new situation was the issue of Mr. Parnell's manifesto. When that letter appeared in print, most of his colleagues felt that all was over. We saw no possibility of leadership in the man who had written and published such a letter. It began by accusing the majority of his own colleagues of having been corrupted by the wire-pullers of the English Liberal party. Only think of it,—the very men—he named some of them in the committee-room—who had fought the great battles of the party with him, and more often still without him, in the worst and darkest parts of the struggle! The party—I say it deliberately, and I speak as one who knows and must know—could never have been kept together without the energy, the eloquence, the inexhaustible patriotic fervor and patience of these men. Their one great desire was to let no hint ever reach the public that they were sometimes dissatisfied with their leader. Their resolve was that in the face of the enemy there should be no mutiny seen, no murmur heard, in the national ranks.

The manifesto began with this attack on these men. It then went on to attack Mr. Gladstone and Mr. John Morley, to accuse them of having abandoned the cause of Ireland, and to assure the world that Mr. Parnell had learned this fact at his interview with Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden just a year before;—and he had kept this most momentous discovery a secret from his colleagues for a whole year. He had allowed us to go about the country in all directions glorifying Gladstone as the hope and safety of the Irish race. He had done the same thing himself—he had time after time declared that he had the most perfect confidence in Mr. Gladstone. He had done this as lately as last June, six months after the Hawarden interview. He had called Mr. Gladstone "our leader"—which no Irish member but Mr. Parnell ever had done, for much as we admire Mr. Gladstone, and profound as is our gratitude to him, we do not admit that any leader of an English party can ever be the leader of the Irish people.

Take it what way one might, this manifesto made it clear to most of us that Mr. Parnell was henceforward impossible as a leader. Suppose his recollection of the conversation at Hawarden were correct: then what a snare he had led his whole party into!

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He knew a year ago that Gladstone would not bring in any home-rule scheme which the Irish people could possibly accept—and he had never told a word of this to his colleagues; he had, in fact, told them the very opposite. Suppose his recollection was inaccurate,—"curiously the reverse of the truth," to adopt a phrase of Carlyle's,—what manner of leader could he be who could fall into such hopeless confusion and mistake? In any case, where is the English party which could ever again enter into any confidential understanding with such a man? Mr. Gladstone says that Mr. Parnell's account of the conversation is utterly inaccurate, and that Mr. Parnell and he parted in the most complete understanding and agreement as to the principles of the home-rule measure. Mr. Gladstone says that Mr. Parnell is utterly wrong about the police question, about the question of representation at Westminster, about everything concerning which he has made a statement in his manifesto. Mr. Morley, for his part, says just the same thing. It is not for me to discuss the relative credibility of the different statements, but it is evident, at all events, that Mr. Parnell could not have been accurate when he publicly declared that Ireland could trust Gladstone on the home-rule question, and afterwards when he publicly declared that he knew all the time that Gladstone was not to be trusted.

The manifesto, I think I ought to say, did not come upon me by surprise. Mr. Parnell told me he was going to publish it, and gave me a general idea of what its contents were to be. I remonstrated as strongly as I could against any such publication, and I prevailed on Mr. Parnell to delay its issue for one day; this was all the delay I could obtain. Mr. Parnell afterwards invited me to the house of a colleague in London to hear the manifesto read. I objected, of course, to the whole thing from beginning to end, and I told him and his friends that I firmly believed its publication would render reconciliation impossible. That is exactly what its publication did. The conviction was brought home to the minds of most of us that the man who published such a statement was absolutely unfit for any position of leadership. The English people had been slowly, but very steadily, growing into sympathy and affection for the Irish people. Suddenly the man who claims to be the leader of the Irish race breaks into a shrieking denunciation of the English people and the English leaders, and does his very best to rekindle all the fierce and destructive fires of race

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hatred which we had all believed to be happily extinguished. And what was the object of all this? Simply to maintain himself in the position of leader of the Irish Parliamentary party—in the sessional leadership of the party!

We, the majority of that party, had no power to depose Mr. Parnell from the leadership of the Irish people. Only he himself and the Irish people could do that—as he and they have, in fact, since done. But we could not do it. The only place in our gift was that of sessional chairman of the Irish party—a place for which there is an election at the opening of every session. We did not propose to expel him from Parliament and public life. We have no power to do anything of the kind. If Mr. Parnell's presence in public life were so necessary for the salvation of Ireland that it was worth throwing over Gladstone and the English people to secure it, surely such a man must be powerful enough to command in politics even though he had ceased to be sessional chairman of the Irish Parliamentary party. The truth is that, from whatever cause, under whatever pressure of feeling, Mr. Parnell appeared suddenly to have changed his whole nature and his very ways of speech. We knew him before as a man of superb self-restraint—cool, calculating, never carried from the moorings of his keen intellect by any waves of passion around him—a man with the eye and the foresight of a born commander-in-chief. We had now in our midst a man seemingly quite incapable of self-control; a man ready at any moment and on the smallest provocation to break into a very tempest and whirlwind of passion; a man of the most reckless and self-contradictory statements; a man who could condescend to the most trivial and vulgar personalities, who could encourage and even indulge in the most ignoble and humiliating brawls.

I do not refer to anything that was said or done at the Kilkenny election, for we had made our decision on the events that occurred before that election. I say that even if the divorce case had never occurred, even if the manifesto had never been written, what we heard and saw in committee-room No. 15—supposing those meetings called together for some other reason than the divorce court and the Gladstone letter and the Parnell manifesto—would have convinced most of us concerning the necessity of a change in the leadership. I do not take back one single word of anything I have ever spoken or written as to the capacity for

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leadership which Mr. Parnell has shown in the past. I am only too well aware of the great ability for fighting a losing cause which he showed in committee-room No. 15. But the fighting power which he displayed in the committee-room was the power of a gladiator and not that of a leader. I can admire the qualities of a gladiator, but when a man becomes a mere gladiator, I will not serve under him as a commander-in-chief.

I indorse all that I have ever said about Mr. Parnell's services in the past. I say that when he was among us there was no man on the whole equal to him. But then, I cannot forget the fact that he was not very often among us, and that it was sometimes very hard indeed to get within hearing of him when a crisis was at hand. The English Liberals would not have endured even Mr. Gladstone as a leader for a single year on such conditions. We were willing to endure almost anything rather than find public fault in the face of the enemy with a leader gifted with such rare gifts and crowned with such splendid successes. But I may ask any one who knows anything about our struggle where the Irish Parliamentary party would have been years and years ago but for men like William O'Brien, John Dillon, Thomas Sexton, and T. M. Healy.

Mr. Parnell justifies his persistence in holding out against the majority of the Irish party, and, as I believe, against the Irish people, on the ground that he is the only man who can save Ireland. I have myself a general distrust of self-proclaimed saviours of society. When a mortal creature is sent to be a saviour of society or anything else, he generally does not know it and goes about his great work because he cannot help it, modestly and unconscious. When Mr. Parnell did his best, his very best, work for Ireland, he never talked about his being the only man who could save the country, and probably never had a thought of the kind in his head. I cannot think so poorly of Ireland and Ireland's national cause as to believe that the hopes and the life of both are dependent on the brain-pan of one man. I do not attribute to Mr. Parnell any deliberate or conscious egotism or self-seeking in all this. "A man," says Victor Hugo, "may be wrecked as is a ship. Conscience is an anchor; but it is terrible as true that like the anchor conscience may be dragged away." I think Mr. Parnell unconsciously allowed his political conscience to be dragged away. He asked again and again what had caused

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the crisis—what but Mr. Gladstone's letter? The answer was plain—Mr. Parnell was himself the crisis. He had made himself the crisis—first in the divorce court, next in the manifesto, and finally in committee-room No. 15. We had seen individual authority rise to dictatorship, and the reverence for dictatorship degenerate with some into an absolute fetich worship. The time came at last when we were forced to act. For every one of us the decision was a cruel wrench—a pain never to be forgotten. But the decision had to be taken. We put it off and allowed it to be put off as long as we could, but at last we had to face it. It was made difficult by old allegiance, old friendship, old memories. But the principle of the decision was clear enough, and we saw it.

There was no choice for us between one policy and another; there was no choice for us between one leader and another. Before us lay the deep and dreadful decision between the rescue of our country's fructifying hopes and a slavish adherence to the man who can never now help us to fulfil those hopes, the man who sowed the seed and then blighted the harvest. Yet it was no light choice, nor was it lightly made. Ireland can say now whether she knows herself to be first in the hearts and minds of the men who made it. "After me the deluge," is an intelligible saying—"with me the deluge" was the invitation which Mr. Parnell seemed to offer to his country. "Hold to me and let us be ruined together, cause, country, and all." We did not feel tempted by such a proposition. Nothing but the course we took could have prevented the indefinite delay of the measure that is vital to Ireland's prosperity and progress.

No man's past services make him worth the prolongation of a state of things in which thousands of our people may die in despair, or, worse still, be born into misery, while there are yet helping hands willing, eager, and near to bring succor to a cause that has never before been so near to success. We have been accused, when all is said and done, of nothing worse than a determination to sacrifice, if needful, the political eminence of a man rather than submit to the ruin of a national cause. I think I may say for myself and my colleagues, in the memorable words of Burke's famous Bristol speech, that "in every accident that may happen through life, in pain, in sorrow, in depression and distress, we shall call to mind this accusation—and be comforted."

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE BRUTALITY OF MAN.

THE article on "The Brutal Sex" in the January number of THE REVIEW is so frank in its pessimism, and so bold in its statements with regard to a subject about which we all think, but seldom speak, that it should not be allowed to pass unchallenged. The writer of it begins his arraignment of his brothers by distinguishing between the kindred qualities of brutality and cruelty, assigning the former to man and the latter to woman. I have no objection to this generalization, though, admitting cruelty to be the "attribute of weakness" and brutality "the vice of strength," we need not go far to find members of the sterner sex who display towards the weaker vessels what the writer in question considers to be the exclusively feminine prerogative, or to discover proofs that, as the women of the French Revolution have demonstrated to us, the weaker vessels may on occasion overstep the barrier which distinguishes the cruel from the brutal. Besides, he evidently forgets that

> "Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
> Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned."

However, I would not for a moment maintain that women are as brutal as men, though their latent capabilities may be as great, but would simply consider the ground on which the critic rests his belief that men have pre-eminent claims to being regarded as the sex of which the predominant characteristic is that of the brute. This he finds in the attitude of man towards women. "Think for a moment," he says, "what is implied in the single fact that in no part of the world is it deemed safe for a woman to go alone after dark, nor, in many localities, by day even." The reason for this "fact," according to him, is that woman "fears that, if unattended, some man will seek to rob her of her honor." But is it true that "in no part of the world is it deemed safe for a woman to go alone after dark"? It certainly is not true of America. It is immaterial to consider whether it be true of her in other countries, as one exception to this sweeping statement is sufficient to destroy its force. And admitting that woman fears to go out alone after dark, is her fear due to a dread of being robbed of her honor? Surely no American woman of average independence and intelligence, in a decently-protected community, thinks that a walk abroad at night is not "safe" for her, though she may consider it imprudent as a defiance of conventionality or as running the risk of being mistaken for one of that large class of women who are to be found in cities and who have a purpose in being seen alone at a time when the majority of their sisters are "protected." But the assertion that the "unprotected woman" in a large community fears that she will be

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"robbed of her honor" if she ventures out under the night shades belongs to the category of the grotesque. The modern man may not be any better in his heart than the Romans of old, those wholesale ravishers of the Sabine women, who, in spite of their wickedness, had the grace, not common among our Don Juans, of marrying those whom they seized, or than the savage Tartars, "strong only to destroy"; but he is a discreet creature, and, knowing well that "swift retributive justice" which falls upon those who do not their sinning as well as their praying in private, wisely refrains from that wholesale robbery of women's honor which this critic would fain make us believe may be practised upon those indiscreet females who venture out at night. He has a strong enough case against "the brutal sex" without yielding to the temptation of misinterpreting and exaggerating facts to make it stronger than the truth admits it to be.

Another manifestation of our author's tendency to exaggerate facts is his statement with regard to the attitude of men toward women, which he defines thus: "Briefly and plainly, it is that man's physical welfare requires for its maintenance the moral ruin of unnumbered thousands of women." I hope there is no need for any one to dwell on this unpleasant statement in order to prove the absurdity of the fact implied in it. It is interesting chiefly because it probes the heart of the social evil and suggests one of the possible reasons why society has thus far been unable to cope with it. The tacit assumption in the minds of a large proportion of men—I cannot add those of even a small quota of women, for I doubt if there is on record an acceptance by a woman of the theory that the social evil is a necessary evil—that a certain proportion of women in every generation, like Carthage of history, must be destroyed for man's bestial gratification, is, I believe, one of the greatest obstacles with which the social-reformer has to contend in his war against immorality. Many men who believe that the "modern Babylons" are essential to the physical welfare of men hold a belief kindred to it in the natural powerlessness of a large portion of their kind to restrain their lower instincts, and therefore tacitly ignore, if they do not defend, the maintenance of them. Assuming both of these beliefs to be false, how are they to be disproved in the minds of men? Deep-rooted as they are, clinging, as they do, like innate prejudices in the very warp and woof of their mental structures, and strengthened by their passage through generations, are they to be destroyed by argument? The arguments of nineteen Christian centuries have been powerless to shake them; and can we expect to do in a day what the combined years of our ancestors failed to effect?

Assuming, on the other hand, that we must have our modern Babylons, it is interesting to ask why we must have them. Here we meet the social problem face to face. God made man and woman for each other—to be united at maturity in the holy bonds of marriage. Can we say that God's design—or nature's design—is followed out by the men and women of to-day? Most men are matured and fit candidates for marriage at twenty, and most women at eighteen. But how seldom do we hear of marriages of men and women at these ages! Our social conditions have run counter to nature's conditions, and it is not surprising that evil consequences should arise from the collision, and that one of these consequences should be the existence and the flourishing of social vice. There is no better way to prevent widespread violations of the marriage law than by marriage. Unhappily the youth of the present day cannot afford to choose a mate at the time when it is natural that he should seek one. Consequently it is not remarkable that rebellious

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nature should lure him into those narrow paths leading from nature's path, which is broad enough, but from which he is "banned and barred." The maiden of to-day, too, frequently waits long after the mating-season for her mate to seek her. She must wait till he comes, and he comes perforce, if at all, sadly late. To those who hold up their hands in horror at "the shŏcking immorality of to-day," I can only say: "Why are you surprised by it? Let us thank God that it is not worse."

The author of "The Brutal Sex" reiterates the old charge against society, that it shows unfairness in condemning immorality in men and condemning women for it. "We forgive the one class," he says, "readily enough, or even deny the need of the exercise of forgiveness: the other class we refuse to respect, if we be men, or if we be women, we refuse to forgive." I believe that if we could investigate the origin of most popular beliefs, whether they be true or false, they would be found to have sprung, if not from a truth, at least from that which had in it elements or the semblance of truth. In the popular horror of fallen women, and the belief that the sin of impurity is greater in woman than in man, there is far more truth than falsity, and on this truth, which so many modern moralists do not hesitate to denounce as pure prejudice, rests the stronghold of morals. Woman is in a sense the repository of morality. She guards the doors of virtue. So long as she is faithful to this charge, society is safe; as soon as she is unfaithful to it, she corrupts not only herself, but posterity. The physical conditions of the sexes would alone make woman's purity of more vital consequence to herself and to the world, even though other considerations did not contribute to this end. When a man sins, he defiles himself alone; but when a woman forgets her honor, a whole family—nay, a whole generation, sometimes even a whole nation—may share the consequences of her shame. Once degraded, she can never regain the physical, even though she may regain the moral, purity which she has lost. This may seem a coarse and a material way of putting her case, but is it not the true one? And, being true, is it not fitting, as her crime is greater than man's, and the consequences thereof more vital, that she should suffer accordingly?

The social evil, great as is the danger to morality which attends a public discussion of it, is one that cries out for reform. We cannot say of it with Hamlet, "Oh, reform it altogether," for experience of the past has shown us that it will not be reformed altogether. But we can at least endeavor to seek out the causes of it and reform these as best we may. Silence with regard to immorality has ceased to be a virtue; and we are beginning to see that it does not necessarily indicate on the part of those who practise it a fine moral sense, as we once supposed that it did. But when we lift the veil which hides the modern Babylons from our gaze, let us try to see the facts presented to us as they are; not exaggerate or belittle them, but meet them squarely and try to solve the problems with which they confront us.

JOHN D. BARRY.

A REPLY TO MR. LECKY.

MR. LECKY, in his paper in the January number of THE REVIEW, takes the same view as Mr. Balfour and Mr. Morley did in former numbers of the effects of Mr. Gladstone's Irish land acts. All are mistaken, and very gravely mistaken, in their conception of the legal effects of the acts in question. They seem to think that Irish landlords are mere rent-chargers, with this

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difference in favor of the rent-payer: that he can get the annuity reduced from time to time.

With Mr. Lecky's historical retrospect I decline to deal. I do not think that it has the degree of relevancy to the conclusions summed up in the last four paragraphs that premises and conclusions are required to possess. But he is an authority in political philosophy, as Mr. Morley is in statesmanship, and as Mr. Balfour ought to be. I think it only fair that the American public should be disabused of the ideas, exceedingly erroneous indeed, which the papers of these gentlemen are calculated to impress upon them. I beg, therefore, to submit a few notes on the legal effects of Mr. Gladstone's land legislation, which, I apprehend, will account for much that puzzles fair-minded men with regard to the agrarian agitation in Ireland.

It must first be understood that not all agricultural tenants come within the purview of the land acts; that there are ten classes of tenants "specially excepted" from their operation, and that the lands of the tenants so excepted are by far the most valuable lands in the country. The land legislation was passed to protect the weaker class of tenants on the inferior lands—that class who could not be supposed to enter into their so-called contracts with any freedom. If Mr. Lecky had read Mr. Morley's paper, he would have seen that the relation which subsisted between this class of tenants and their landlords was one of tenure until the year 1850, and not one of contract, but by an act passed in that year the relation was changed to one of contract. The change was not a favorable one for the tenants.

Now, what is the nature of the contracts upon which Mr. Lecky lays so much stress? First, the contracts sprang into existence, without the consent of the tenants, at one blow, by an act of Parliament, in a legislature where the tenants were not represented; secondly, by the contracts one party possessed every power, privilege, and right over the soil "from the sky to the centre of the earth," as the old phrase expressed it; the other party was absolutely and entirely at his mercy.

Under this relation of contract, the tenant built the farmhouse, fenced the fields, drained the marsh, reclaimed the bog, and gave verdure to the barren hillside. For this the landlord rewarded him by increasing his rent whenever calculation or caprice impelled him. Some idea of the value of the tenants' improvements—the improvements upon which the successive increases of rent were charged—may be formed from the fact that the estates of the London Companies in Derry advanced in rent from less than £2,000 a year in 1614 to £160,000 a year in 1880. I had before me, as an investigator under the Arrears Act of 1882, receipts of tenants of that county which disclosed a most startling state of affairs. In one instance the receipt for the rent in the year 1814 was £6 10s.; the receipt when the tenant came before me to get the benefit of the act showed his rent at £37, and nearly treble the government valuation. There were other cases in which the rise of rent was equally striking, and I am bound to say that the picture powerfully affected me. It seemed really as if rent-raising ran a race with the tenants' expenditure. The frightful immoralty of confiscating the results of such expenditure by charging rent upon them, instead of allowing the tenant to reap the benefit, seems never to have struck large classes of opinion in Ireland. It was regarded as a matter of course, strictly within the landlord's rights, and for the exercise of which he was accountable to no one.

The public conscience of England at length became so shocked that Mr. Gladstone was enabled to carry a bill in 1870 which purported to put a check

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upon reckless increases of rent and capricious evictions. But the act worked so ineffectively on account of the organized * attack made upon it by the landlords in the county courts that it became necessary to pass the act of 1881, which, according to Mr. Lecky, has "rooted" the tenants "forever on the soil."

If the tenants are "rooted on the soil," how does it happen that they are evicted every day? If the landlords are only rent-chargers, how is it that they exercise seigniorial rights? The fact is that all this legislation did was to import some new clauses into a preëxisting contract, which they conditionally limited by preventing eviction and arbitrary increases of rent. This is the correct legal statement of the matter, which I shall presently expand in a way to make it intelligible to lay readers.

What the tenant within the scope of Mr. Gladstone's acts gets by the act of 1881 is a right to have the letting value of his holding ascertained every fifteen years while the tenancy subsists. The tenancy may be forfeited by a breach of any one of a series of statutory conditions as stringent as the most skilful conveyancing lawyer could devise. No doubt the courts can relieve against forfeiture, but it is only upon such conditions that hardly a single tenant could perform, if he were not assisted by the benevolence of friends. It may be taken for granted that no tenant would wilfully commit a breach which on the bare happening would extinguish his interest, except upon the terms of obtaining relief at an expense little short of ruinous.

It is a statutory condition for the judicial tenant to pay the rent the day it becomes due; it is one not to sublet any part of the holding; it is another not to let any part of it in "conacre" for white crops; another not to part with the possession of the holding or any part of it for any purpose whatever; another not to cut turf for sale; another not to quarry for the purpose of raising limestone to make lime; another not to take sand or gravel; another not to take sea-weed; another not to prevent the landlord or any one authorized by him from entering on the holding for the purpose of setting bog for turf-cutting, or for quarrying, or for digging for gravel, sand, or other materials; another not to prevent the landlord or any persons authorized by him from entering for the purpose of shooting, hunting, fishing, fowling, or the taking of game.

Many of the privileges taken away by the statutory conditions were enjoyed by the tenants before the passing of the land acts, because the landlords were aware that otherwise they could not pay high rents. The cutting of turf for sale, for instance, was an important adjunct to a tenant's means of support. The blending of gravel, sand, and lime with certain kinds of soil was necessary to quicken them into fertility. The taking of sea-weed to spread upon land as manure was a privilege beneficial to tenants near the coasts. This privilege, with the others, has been taken away by the act from judicial tenants unless the landlord consents. This very few landlords will do, exasperated as they are and have been by legislation which they regard as confiscatory of their rights, and which a man so distinguished in letters as Mr. Lecky tells us has no "parallel in English history." †

Mr. Lecky further states that under the act of 1881 "rents have been reduced by judicial sentence, with complete disregard both to previous con-

*Irish *Law Times'* Reports, Donel's "Land Cases."

† What about the copyhold tenure of England? It is an exact parallel of what Mr. Gladstone intended, but failed to accomplish, by the act of 1881.

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tracts and to market value." I dissent *in toto* from this statement. But first it should be understood and constantly borne in mind that it was the tenant's improvements that gave all the value to the land over and above certain inherent capabilities which his expenditure started into activity. These inherent capabilities must be regarded in fixing the fair rent. Their importance as a factor is recognized at least to the full in the leading case of Adams *v.* Dunseath (Irish Law Reports, vol. for 1882); and in practice sub-commissions have given them an excessive value.

Moreover, the act of 1870 limited the time which a tenant could go back in making a claim for compensation for improvements to twenty years before the filing of the claim. This act, incorporated with the act of 1881 for all purposes, consequently confers upon the landlord the property in all improvements made before twenty years. This in effect has bestowed by far the greater part of the value in the improvements upon the landlord, and has prevented the reduction of rents below what lawyers call the "rack rent"—that is, the highest letting value.

If, then, the sub-commissions cannot reduce rent below the "rack rent," where did the 25 per cent. over and above that value come from which tenants had to pay under the old untrammelled license which enabled landlords to hunt them like vermin off the land if they would not comply with whatever might be exacted? I can give the answer in the words of Swift, writing on the same subject in 1729—"from the blood and vitals of the tenants."

With the terrible power landlords possess in being able to evict tenants owing a year's rent, and thereby depriving them of all interest in their land, it is idle to say that the relation of landlord and tenant has been changed from a contract for six months into an interest in perpetuity. If the perpetuity had been conferred in reality, the condition of the country would be widely different from what it is. We should not read of the rule of anarchy, whether from above or from below, which has made Ireland for the last four years a sign and a wonder to the world. We should not have a decreasing population side by side with an increasing pressure of the residue against subsistence, and we should not have a government representing the landlords bringing forward a measure in Parliament to terminate landlordism forever.

GEORGE MCDERMOT.

FAIR PLAY FOR THE INDIAN.

IF SPACE in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW permits, I should like to make a few remarks upon General Miles's article, "The Future of the Indian Question," published in the January number.

General Miles says: "Again, take the Sioux nation that committed the terrible massacre of '62," etc. The Sioux, as a nation, did not commit that terrible massacre. One might as justly say that the Sioux as a nation fought the Sioux. In 1862 the money due the Sioux from the sale of lands was sent to them in gold; the agent paid them in greenbacks, pocketing the difference. The Indians protested against this, insisting upon all that was due, but the agent refused to give it to them. Their treaty stipulations were not kept by the government, and their annuities were in arrears; they were consequently suffering for food, but must starve, though provisions were in the government warehouse. Becoming desperate, they broke into the storehouse, and thus began the outbreak, these Sioux being designated as hostile.

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Others of the Sioux rescued white men, women, and children from these warriors, risked their lives to carry them to safe places, sheltered them and fed them; others fled, as much victims of the outbreak as white people. Some of the Sioux now at Yankton Agency were organized as scouts under General Sibley, who said that "they proved more effectual than twice that number of white soldiers"; but the white troops received a salary, while the scouts have not yet been paid. And now, twenty-nine years after, these starving Sioux, brave, loyal fellows, are asking for this money due them; they want it to buy food for their families; otherwise they must watch them die for lack of nourishment. The crops this year have failed, and there is not work enough to keep them all earning something during the winter in a farming community.

Others of the Sioux, "who were known to be absolutely guiltless of any acts of hostility," but "deserving of reward for the rescue of white captives," says the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, were made prisoners and their property confiscated. Two hundred and fifty friendly Indian farmers lost not only their homes, taken by the government, but their crops and their herds of stock; $125,000 worth of their property was used to feed United States soldiers and prisoners. After repeated urging, Congress appropriated $7,500 for these farmers; what the government had taken the government refused to pay, and to-day we honestly owe the Sioux $117,500 of this debt. These loyal farmers, who had fed the troops and committed no hostilities, were deprived of their annuities for four years, and sent to another State, where they lived in want, suffering for food; having been deprived of their homes, their stock, clothing, and furniture. The Indian Commissioner in 1868 wrote: "What I ask for them is that our government restore to them a part of what we took, and give them the same chance to live and thrive which we give to all the other inhabitants of our country, whether white or black." It would be unjust for any one to pass over this bit of Sioux history knowingly.

General Miles also says that in 1876 the Sioux "were again openly hostile"—because the government drove them to desperation. Owing to a failure in appropriation, the supplies did not come. The crops and vegetables were destroyed by grasshoppers. Unless one witnessed this devastation, as I did, it would be difficult to realize it. Their farming implements, schools, and teachers were not furnished as per treaty—have not been furnished, as promised, up to the present moment. People constantly told them that they were to be removed to another territory. When these starving creatures left the reservation to seek game, in order to save the lives of their wives and children, troops were sent to arrest them. In violation of the treaty stipulation the Black Hills had been entered. Put yourself in such conditions as these Indians were placed in, and see if you, even with years of civilization and Christianity as an inheritance, would not conclude that it were better to escape and die, if needs must, rather than calmly starve. They slipped away from the agency and joined Sitting Bull. No wonder that they "were again openly hostile."

In 1877, according to General Miles, "their war ponies were sold and the proceeds returned to them in domestic stock." General Miles would not have made such a statement had he not believed it true. I am very glad to be able to call attention to this matter. It is true the war ponies of the Sioux were seized, but it was in direct violation of Article 8 of their last-concluded treaty. Not only the ponies but the mules were seized by order

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of the War Department. This property was sold; from the sale of the horses alone the War Department received $19,412.96. The Indians were told that the loss would be made good; so 450 cows were given them, valued at not more than $20 each, amounting to $9,000. Instead of the proceeds of the sale of war ponies being returned in domestic stock, $10,000 is still due these Indians, and they have been asking for fourteen years where their $10,000 is.

General Miles believes the messiah was a messenger of war. Most of the people in the Indian country believed him to have been a messenger of peace. Bright Eyes says the Sioux looked upon the messiah as a messenger of peace; no weapons were allowed in the ghost-dance, not even a piece of iron; the first serious trouble occurred when the troops came to the ghost-dance with their weapons; this the Sioux looked upon as an insult to their sacred dance. Bright Eyes is at Pine Ridge, among the Sioux; she is an Indian, an educated, cultivated Ponca, and has been sent there to get at the truth, and has a better opportunity of knowing the true state of affairs than any white person at a distance, or even there.

The present trouble with the Sioux was caused, first, by the autocratic power of one incompetent individual over a community of individuals; secondly, by the failure of crops and the immediate reduction of food by the government, so that five and six people were dying daily from starvation. The failure of crops was caused by drought. To the white farmers thus suffering money and food were sent, but the Indian's ration was reduced; unsuitable farming implements were sent him, made of poor material; threshers where there was no wheat to thresh; corn-shellers where no corn would grow. Schools as per treaty, domestic animals, and wagons were not forthcoming, though the United States has three million dollars in the treasury belonging to the Sioux. Before their land was properly surveyed eleven million acres were opened to settlers. Those Indians who had built themselves houses and owned respectable farms were told that when the land was allotted their farms would be elsewhere. All this is summed up in "the Indians became restless."

The white man who posed as the messiah has been arrested. What is to be done with him? Sitting Bull was killed because he preached the messiah to the Sioux, though Sitting Bull offered to go with the agent and find out in different places if there was a fraud, and so no messiah. Sitting Bull, a superstitious, ignorant, cunning medicine-man, was killed in violation of both civil and military law, and the result is a war. His followers surrendered 250 women and children and 150 fighting men. The troops searched them because they did not yield up their weapons. The truth of what these Indians had been told flashed upon them; they were to be torn from their homes and sent to Florida. With one bound they faced death; the troops outnumbered them, and the Indians knew what this meant; but they fought "like red devils," says the newspaper correspondent; had they been white men it would have read "they fought bravely."

Bright Eyes writes to me December 28: "The rumor is that they are to take the hostiles—who were not hostile, mark you, and who have not taken a single life—to Florida. If true, it is the most outrageous performance yet. The country ought to ring with it. As the soldiers express it, they did not know what in the world they were brought here for in the first place; the Indians seem to look at it as an outbreak of the army instead of an outbreak of themselves. The idea of tearing these people away from

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their homes because many of them fled from fear into the Bad Lands. I hope every paper in the land will open a broadside on whoever has done this."

When the battle reported at Daly's ranch is sifted, it turns out that one of the men, feeling pity for some starving Indian women, gave them two rams. The first intense battle at Pine Ridge was purely a newspaper space-filler; no one at Pine Ridge, I have accurate information, knew of the battle. When General Brook sent out to tell the Sioux to come into the agency, people interested in keeping them out told them they would be made prisoners and sent to the Indian Territory. The lower class of white people want troops because it puts money in their pockets; men who received but $1 a day before the troops came now get $5. One man who has a contract for forwarding supplies to Pine Ridge from Rushville gets $561 a day; people have contracts for supplying troops at Pine Ridge with three hundred tons of hay and over two hundred pounds of oats alone.

Newspaper correspondents sent out there have been determined to telegraph something; so the military authorities have been annoyed and the good work they might have done has been hampered by sensational press despatches. All these mistakes, with the false move of killing Sitting Bull, have forced an Indian war.

To make this impossible in the future there is but one course to take. It is absurd to pauperize the Indian by giving him either food or clothing; it is beyond reason to place any people under autocratic rule in this country; it is useless to give money destined for private individuals into the hands of politicians; not that our politicians are as a class dishonest, but that a temptation to cheat what people call the government, not realizing it is the people, seems too great for hitherto-honest persons to resist. We ought no longer to try impossibilities, but at once make each Indian amenable to the law of the State or territory in which he resides by making him a citizen. Treat him as a responsible individual, as has been done in Nebraska, and he will earn his own living, be willing to educate his children, learn not to be cheated. Do not chain him to the ground, as in Nebraska, by forcing him to farm whether he wills or not; let him rent his land and practise a trade there or elsewhere.

Until the Indian is a citizen, subject to the same privileges and penalties as are other men in this country, we may expect war, expensive in loss of life, loss of money, and loss of prosperity in that part of the country where it occurs.

GEORGE TRUMAN KERCHEVAL.

THE CONVICT AND THE CHURCH.

THE recent action of a well-known church in determining to retain upon its roll of membership a man convicted of the crime of forgery and sentenced to a term of imprisonment extending over seventeen years has very naturally attracted a good deal of attention and called forth no small amount of comment. In some quarters the church in question has been warmly commended for a course which is declared to be precisely in the spirit of the founder of Christianity, while by others its action has been roundly denounced.

Without naming any names, let us consider the facts for a moment.

S—— was a man whose reputation both socially and as a business man

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was apparently unimpeachable. He possessed the entire confidence of all who knew him. He was engaged in a lucrative business, having two partners who believed him thoroughly trustworthy. He was an active member of a prominent church, and an earnest worker in its Sunday-school. His social position was good, and his name was gladly sought to be added to to the boards of directors of charitable and benevolent institutions. He had a charming family, and, while he lived well, there was no suspicion that he was living beyond his means. Nor did he, so far as is known, possess unwarrantably expensive tastes or indulge in extravagant habits. To all appearances he was a prosperous, successful, happy, and contented man.

Suddenly it was revealed to his partners, by an examination of the firm's accounts, that this man, in whom they had reposed the most absolute and unquestioning confidence, was a forger. S—— for six years had been living a lie. He had been a conscious and consummate hypocrite. He had taken advantage of and most cruelly deceived those who trusted him. His method of operation had been to "raise" certificates of stock—that is, to increase the number of shares represented by certificates in the possession of his firm—and then dispose of them and avail himself of the fraudulent proceeds. This operation he had repeated many times, until the sum secured by his forgeries was counted by hundreds of thousands.

It is certainly to S——'s credit that, when the terrible discovery was made known to him, he made no denial and no attempt to leave the country, as perhaps he might have done. On the contrary, he lent his aid in ascertaining the full extent of his criminal acts, and voluntarily surrendered himself to the authorities. More than that, he was willing to plead guilty to the charge of forgery and prevent the necessity of a trial; but, inasmuch as the crime was one which might involve life-imprisonment, this was not permissible under the law, and a trial was accordingly had, although no defence was interposed.

Hardly had he been taken to prison before S—— wrote a letter to his pastor, setting forth that he had repented of his sins, and believed that he had received divine forgiveness. This letter was read at a meeting of the church held a few days later, and on the recommendation of the pastor, who had visited the convict in prison, the church voted to retain S—— on its rolls of membership, believing, as was stated in its formal resolutions, that if he ever needed the church's help and sympathy, it was in the situation in which he then found himself.

This is probably the first time in the history of Christianity that a convict in striped clothes, and undergoing a long term of imprisonment on his own confession of evil-doing, has been allowed to remain in good and regular standing as a member of a Christian church!

There are circumstances conceivable in which a church might pursue such a course toward one of its number without laying itself open to any adverse criticism whatever. Suppose, for example, that S—— had committed a single fault of a criminal nature; that he had yielded for once to a momentary temptation; and that he had confessed this to his pastor and his fellow-church-members, expressed his contrition therefor, and then bowed to the majesty of the law and gone to prison. In a rightly-constituted church, permeated by the right spirit, the question of dropping him from membership would never have been raised for a moment.

But how different is the case we are considering! Here the repentance is merely *ex post facto*. Not one solitary crime has been repented of and con-

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fessed, but a long series has been committed, extending over six years, without the slightest sign of confession until the exposure has been made and concealment is no longer possible. When a prison suit has been donned, and temptation no longer confronts the convict because he is wholly beyond its reach, it is easy to repent and promise restitution, and ask the forgiveness of one's church and the privilege of remaining one of its members.

Here it is pertinent to inquire what degree or kind of crime would be sufficient to justify the church in question, in the estimation of its own members, in refusing to extend further fellowship to one of their number who had fallen into sin. If forgery carried on for years by a man professing Christianity is not, would burglary, or highway robbery, or murder, or any one of a hundred other crimes for which the criminal code provides penalties? Surely, it would seem, the line must be drawn somewhere; but where? That is the question. A wife-murderer on the church-membership books in unimpeachable standing is the logical consequence of the action which forms the subject of this article: all that is necessary is that the murderer, after conviction of his crime, shall write to his pastor making confession and beseeching forgiveness; whereupon nothing but the noose or the electric current shall terminate the unfortunate man's active connection with the church which he has disgraced and brought into contempt.

But, says S——'s chief apologist, his pastor, he committed his first forgery when suffering from nervous prostration. But what about the other ones? What about the six years of basest hypocrisy? And does not the apologist see that he opens wide the door for the justification of every possible sort of crime? Would nervous prostration excuse the murderer, the sneak-thief, the rehypothecator of bonds, or even the miserable wretch who steals a loaf of bread in order to keep his wife and children from starvation? Away with such silly sentimentalism!

But, says another defender of the church, there can be little doubt of the genuineness of S——'s repentance, and in all probability he was glad when the exposure came and he could quit leading the hollow life he had been living for so long. It must have been a great relief to him, and doubtless he went to prison with a glad heart. Well, we should really like to know what there was to hinder him from ending the lie at any moment he pleased during the years when he chose to be one thing and to seem another! Voluntary confession on his part would assuredly have afforded proof of a heart not wholly bad, and impelled the holding out of a helping hand. Such a course would have been manly and straightforward. It would have commanded respect at least.

The fact is that such a series of crimes as this person was guilty of strike a blow at the very foundations of business and of the social structure. The impairing of confidence in one's fellow-men is a very serious matter. If the comrade who has stood shoulder to shoulder with you, on whom you have felt that you could rely as firmly almost as on your very self—if he falters, stumbles, gives way utterly, your faith, and all faith, in humanity receives a violent wrench, from which it cannot soon, if ever, recover. Have a care not to underestimate the baseness of such a crime; have a care not to overestimate the soundness of the repentance that so speedily and so glibly follows.

Still another voice is heard in the way of apology, and it declares that the action of the church in question is altogether in the line of the Christianity of Jesus. Has this apologist forgotten the thunders of denunciation

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hurled by the gentle man of Nazareth against the hypocritic Pharisees of his day and generation? "*Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outwardly, but are within full of dead men's bones, and all uncleanness. . . . Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?*" There is no lack of vigor and barb in these words, and if they do not "fit the crime" we are considering, I do not know where to find any that do.

"Muscular Christianity" is a phrase that has had a considerable vogue. Whatever the specific meaning put into the words at any time, it is certain that the Christianity which found expression in the action of this church towards its convict member had little muscularity about it. To my mind, at all events, it was decidedly flabby. Doubtless, had the opportunity presented itself, this church would have compounded the felony and prevented its member's crime from becoming known to the public. Society and the church owe a higher duty than that to themselves. Our penal systems are far from perfect, and come far short of accomplishing the results that ought not unreasonably to be expected from them. But they must be applied with impartiality to all. There cannot be one law and one punishment for the rich man who commits forgery, and another law and another punishment for the poor man who yields to temptation. Nor will the churches do their duty so long as they sternly condemn evil-doing in one and wink at it in another. Who knows whether S——'s alleged repentance and his remaining an unchallenged member of —— Church may not be employed within a few years as an argument in favor of his pardon? It is easily possible. Nay, it is easily possible that a man shrewd enough to carry on a series of forgeries for six years without detection is shrewd enough not only to foresee this, but to make plans for it. Under similar circumstances a wise church would "*beware of the leaven of the Pharisees.*"

By all means let Christianity be tender, loving, patient, long-suffering, forgiving; but let its churches, its professors, and its pastors and teachers beware of namby-pamby sentimentalism!

EMERSON PALMER.

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